

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
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Hearthstone



- **"Our Father"—Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw**
- **Spiritual Foundations for Better Homes—Paul Humphreys**

February 1951

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

NANCY RAY PONDER, *Assistant Editor*

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Fireside Chat . . .

One of our children's stories, "The Flag That Grew," is a special February tale with a patriotic theme and is bound to become a favorite at your house.

Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw, well-known writer whose works include *Then I Think of God*, *Some Time Every Day*, and *This Is God's World*, gives guidance to *Hearthstone* readers on teaching children prayer. To parents of young children "Our Father" will prove a valuable aid.

If you are looking for a hobby both decorative and useful we recommend "Imitation Inlay," page 3.

"Is the Game Worth the Risk?" was written by Isaac K. Beckes, President of Vincennes College, Vincennes, Indiana. The question of a student's participation in his high school athletic program is one which most families consider at some time. The article on page 33 presents a sound discussion of the problem.

Next month's character sketch by Thomas Curtis Clark will be "Henry Ford, Genius and Great-heart."



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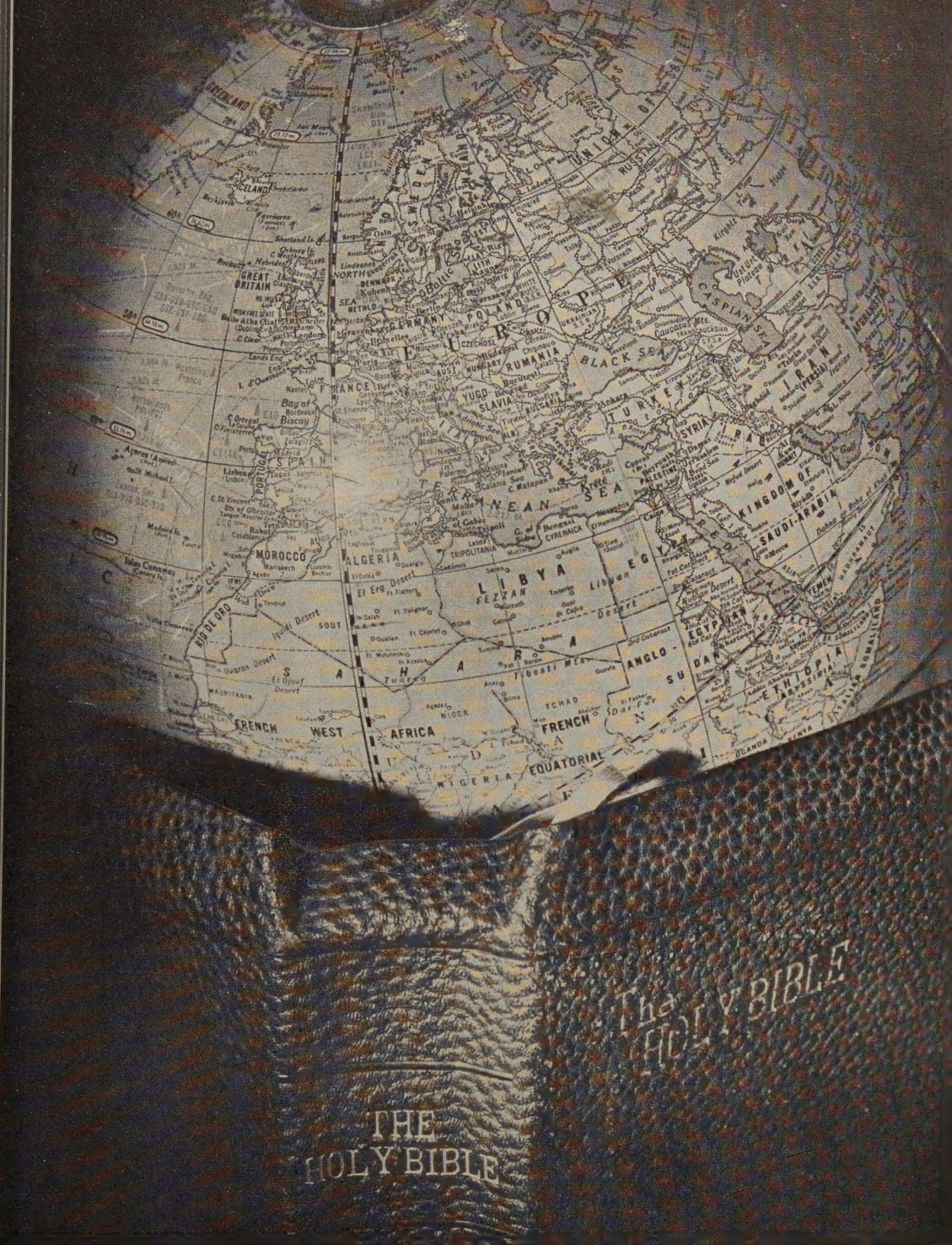
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A Word from The Word



-Carew.

—Monkmeyer.

Every man a brother . . .

My brethren, show no partiality as you hold the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. For if a man with gold rings and in fine clothing comes into your assembly, and a poor man in shabby clothing also comes in, and you pay attention to the one who wears the fine clothing and say, "Have a seat here, please," while you say to the poor man, "Stand there," or, "Sit at my feet," have you not made distinctions among yourselves, and become judges with evil thoughts?

What does it profit, my brethren, if a man says he has faith but has not works? Can his faith save

him? If a brother or sister is ill-clad and in lack of daily food, and one of you says to them, "Go in peace, be warmed and filled," without giving them the things needed for the body, what does it profit? So faith by itself, if it has no works, is dead.

But some one will say, "You have faith and I have works." Show me your faith apart from your works, and I by my works will show you my faith. You believe that God is one; you do well. Even the demons believe—and shudder. Do you want to be shown, you foolish fellow, that faith apart from works is barren?

James 2:1-4:14-20

SPIRITUAL FOUNDATIONS

for *Better Homes*

By PAUL MILTON HUMPHREYS

NO ONE with a genuine interest in the welfare of the nation would be so unwise as to think that all is right with our American homes. To be sure, there are many solid, respectable, responsible families throughout the nation, but there are also families which are anything else but solid, respectable, and responsible. The problem of lessening the unwholesome influences which stem from such maladjusted homes is the direct concern, not only of the social worker, the agents of law enforcement, the medical profession, and the schools, but also of every Christian who believes that spiritual foundations are necessary for the building of better homes.

The postwar period has been plagued, not only with the evils that sprang directly from the dislocations of the war years, but also with many other unhappy situations which were in the process of development before the war began. The agencies of law enforcement have been sounding warnings for a decade or more concerning the rise in the number of crimes committed by young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. The vast number of broken homes does not make the picture any brighter. Mental hygienists are already making extra efforts to show people the techniques by which they may avoid the unpleasant consequences of the hectic pace of modern living. The increase in the consumption of alcoholic beverages has added immeasurably to the instability of home life. With more and more people turning to liquor, there will be more and more chronic alcoholics, and the crime potential will receive a vast boost.

One day, many centuries ago, as a Christian missionary was awaiting the summons of the Roman exe-

cutioner, he wrote a letter to a young minister named Timothy. The young man needed a word of encouragement from his hero, Paul. He not only had entered upon a hard calling in a difficult time, but had to follow in the footsteps of one who had achieved outstanding success as a preacher and leader. Paul had probably sensed the struggle which Timothy was undergoing as he tried to carry the heavy responsibilities of the pastorate. So he wrote to the young man: "I recall the sincere faith which is in your heart—a faith which dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and then in your mother Eunice, and I am fully convinced, now dwells in you also" (2 Tim. 1:5-Weymouth). How important, Paul doubtless thought, that a home should have a strong spiritual foundation!

The "sincere faith" of Lois and Eunice had a very definite part in Timothy's growth and development. In contrast, one of the major disasters of our time is the extraordinary number of parents who are willing to let their children develop like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She "jes' growed." This is especially true of the religious education. Many parents are entirely unconcerned about the religious education of their offspring.

For many children there is no religious instruction of any kind, while for others the time set aside for religious instruction, both in the home and in the church, amounts to only a small fraction of the child's waking hours.

Christian homes help children to acquire a certain wisdom about life. Paul expressed it clearly in his letter to the Galatians: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7). It is a part of true wisdom about life for the individual to know the possible consequences of his acts. "The burnt child dreads the fire" is an old adage which may be applied to different aspects of human activity. It is especially pertinent in the matter of correct moral choices. Dr. Karl R. Stolz once wrote, "An adequate philosophy of life is conscience-stirring. It does not tolerate a divorce between practicable standards of conduct and life. Moral excellence is an essential ingredient of normality." Apply this thought to our study of spiritual foundations and you will see that no individual can grow as he ought to grow—"in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man"—unless he has learned to foresee the consequences of his



—Religious News Service Photo.

ing to grow "... in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

actions, both for himself and for others.

A very young child may take what does not belong to him, since he has not learned the meaning of "yours" and "mine." Or he may refuse to share his toys with another child, because he does not know the meaning of the word "unselfishness." If, however, he carries over these same practices into youth and maturity, he becomes a thistle-like character who

is always pricking society and causing pain. His faulty perspective can be traced to failure to learn the secret of co-operation in family and group relationships. The Christian religion, with its emphasis upon the principle of sharing and the sacredness of human rights, is needed in our American home life if our nation is to endure.

Christian homes also teach children the meaning of patience and steadiness. In the eyes of many

people in other lands, one of our national characteristics is impatience. This is true to a certain extent, for many of us live with our foot jammed down on the accelerator pedal of vitality. Home conditions are such that they do not foster steadiness and self-control. Men and women are impatient of restraint and lacking in self-discipline. There is no need to go back to a horse-and-buggy tempo, but we do need to see the wisdom of more normal speeds.

A sincere faith helps one to achieve patience and steadiness, even under the most trying conditions. It helps one to maintain poise when others are losing their heads. The person with a trigger-like disposition can spoil home life and bring unhappiness to himself and to others. Only as one learns to make Christian responses in trying situations can he be said to be growing in wisdom.

If better homes are to be established, there must be closer coordination between the church and the home. Traditionally, the church has been the place where the family as a unit has been able to participate in wholesome activities. It has supplied services of worship, school sessions, social activities, and interests that are wholesome and serviceable. To be sure, some people are dissatisfied with that which their churches provide, but in many instances this dissatisfaction stems from a faulty view of the function of the church in the community. On the other hand, there is reason for genuine dissatisfaction with the church's program, because it is distinctly limited by the number of qualified leaders and embarrassed by inadequate funds with which to provide desirable activities.

BOTH CHURCH and home should have one aim in common, and that is to help children and youth to grow in favor with God and men. This aim is best expressed in these great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matt. 22:37, 39). The first need of our civilization is a

(Continued on page 45.)

"OUR FATHER"



—Ewing Galloway.

WHEN SHALL I teach my child to pray?" asked a mother of a leader of a parent-teacher group in the church. Then without waiting for a reply to her question, she followed quickly with another. "How shall I begin—by teaching him a form prayer or by encouraging him to talk with God in his own words?"

These are important questions which have been asked by fathers and mothers through the years. They voice the "when," the "how," and the "what" of guiding the spiritual development of their children, and cannot be answered in one, two, three order.

Prayer is not a single act in itself. It is not simply the repetition or speaking of words addressed to God. To be sincere, prayer arises from the desire to share one's thoughts and feelings with his Creator. It is involved in a fellowship—a fellowship between God and man. Until God becomes real to us, so real that we can sense his presence and we feel our dependence upon him, then and only then are we ready to speak words of praise and thanksgiving to him or to ask for help and guidance for our daily living.

This is as true with children as it is with adults.

By MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCAW

In teaching their children to pray, therefore, the first responsibility of parents becomes that of guiding their boys and girls into a knowledge and appreciation of God within the limits of their own understanding and to lead them into fellowship with him. This calls for more than mere talking about God in the home. It demands Christian living at its highest and best for it is here that the foundation is laid for the child's growing ideas of God.

Fortunate is the boy or girl who is reared in a home where love and confidence and respect are shown by the adults toward each other, and where he, himself, is wanted and loved. It is a simple matter for such a child to come to know that God is love for he will have experienced love in his own life and in his family relationships. Likewise, understanding that God is good comes about on the part of a child as the result of seeing "goodness" demonstrated in unselfish acts of service and in the expression of consideration which his parents and others show toward one another in the home. A child's later belief in a just and dependable God will be the reflection of the dependability of his own parents and the way in which they dealt with conflicts which arose within the family circle as well as with the child's own misdemeanors. These and other concepts of God are basic to the natural development of a child's relationship to God and his desire to talk to God in prayer. When faced with this fact, the daily living in the home takes on new significance, for it is the soil which gives birth to a child's belief in God and his understanding of the universe of which he is a part.

In addition to this day-by-day living, the home may also provide planned experiences which will help to make God real to boys and girls. Quiet moments of family worship and simple observances of Christian festivals in the home will help them to sense a Power without the family circle which has real meaning for his family. Planting and caring for growing things in the garden or indoors, taking care of pets, putting out crumbs for the birds in winter, sharing books and toys or providing clothing for another, planning a pleasant surprise for a guest or neighbor, accepting responsibility for simple tasks in the home—these and similar activities lead a child to understand God's plan for a happy, friendly world and to assume his part in working with God to bring that about. As God thus becomes a reality to the child, love for God is born and the child reaches out in trust and confidence to him.

When does this time arrive in the life of a child? There is no set time, for children vary in this as in the development of their physical, mental and social capacities. But the time will and does come, perhaps at three, perhaps at four or at some other in-between age, when the child reared in a truly Christian home unconsciously responds with answering love to God, and his first childish prayer of "Thank You, God," is said. The dawn of his prayer life may come with the child's expression of wonder at a newly discovered

beauty in God's world, as the result of a kindness done by another, or as an expression of happiness over some event which has happened in the life of the child. But whatever the experience, the understanding parent is ready to grasp that opportunity to lead the little one through that experience into the presence of God.

Such a time came to Tommy one noon while he and his mother were eating their lunch. Tommy's parents had always given thanks for their food before eating, and this noon, too, his mother had expressed thanks for the lunch which she and Tommy were having together. When she had finished, Tommy looked at her and said, "I want to say thanks, too." So when their heads were reverently bowed, Tommy prayed, "Thank You, God, for my milk."

IT CAME for Linda one summer evening when she was cuddled in her Daddy's arms sitting with him on the steps of their porch. They were looking up at the moon and the stars, and in terms which Linda could understand, she was coming to know that "the heavens declare the glory of God." "Thank You, God, for the moon and the stars which give us beauty and light at night," her father prayed softly as he brought his words to a close. "Thank You, God," Linda repeated in the stillness that followed.

These first prayers of children come about most naturally as the result of something which happens in the course of their everyday living. From this point on, their prayers become largely a sharing of their experiences with God, and their parents' concern should be not so much to teach them to *say* prayers, but rather to relate those everyday experiences to God. The gift of a pet may be an occasion when the child responds not only with joy at receiving it, but also with a sense of responsibility for its care. The prayer which culminates such an experience might include both the element of joy and the need for help in caring for the pet. The development of a new skill and the accompanying satisfaction of achievement which it brings to a child could well bring new insight concerning God's plan for his growth and development, resulting in the child's closer relationship to his Maker. The destruction of a toy through carelessness or the display of a willful spirit indicates a need on the part of the child. A simple prayer at such times for help in caring for his toys or to refrain from becoming angry may accompany that experience.

We have suggested that prayer is and should be a part of these experiences. There are times, however, when the experience is recalled later at some quiet time when the child's thoughts are centered on the events of the day, and then the prayer is said. Some parents have established the custom of having such a quiet time just before the children go to sleep at night. Then they talk quietly together about the fun of the day, pointing up any special things which might have happened. Disappointments and disobediences

(Continued on page 32.)

What My Home Meant to Me

By
AGNES
LIND

I WOULD NEVER have admitted it. Not even the night Jerry called for me, though I knew it would be dreadful—his coming to the house and finding out about my folks. A man of sixteen would spot immediately the kind of home a girl had. But when I introduced Jerry, I couldn't conceal that I was ashamed. And I was ashamed of being ashamed of my folks but—well, look what happened.

Dad started the conversation with, "Vell, vere is du baseball team playing next week, Yerry?"

"Yah," Mom touched off the conversation, "I tink you make touchdown sure dis time, yust you vait and see."

That's what happened. It wasn't their brass show of ignorance of the greatest American sport that got me, but the way they revealed

it. You see, my home was unnaturally conceived in another world and the speech of my parents was scarred by a Swedish accent.

Of course, you don't know Jerry, but if you were to go into his home you would find it very much like all my other friends' homes. Swedish newspapers, Bible, rugs, and even food would be curiosities rather than ways of life. So you see, it wasn't the accent alone that made me wince that evening; it was what it represented. We were different.

We had always been different. Like the time all the kids were to bring colored Easter eggs to school for a hunt. Mom suggested we trade a dozen regular eggs with our neighbor for a dozen little banty eggs. We had a wonderful time coloring them and I even admired their diminutive cuteness. It wasn't until after the hunt that I became conscious of my mother's warped set of standards.

"I found three and a half eggs," one boy scoffed.

"That last one ain't hardly worth cracking, is it!" another volunteered. Their laughing jeers followed me up the road but I didn't let them see me cry.

Then there was the year birdhouses decorating the gables of houses became the vogue. To avoid going outside to watch the birds, we put our birdhouse on the gable of the schoolhouse, twenty feet away. I enjoyed watching the birds from our window until the kids showed me how wrong it was to be out of fashion, to be different. All my tearful arguments were in vain. I could never, in their eyes, claim ownership of our lovable little birdhouse.

And how come I didn't get to wear every new fad that hit the stores? My friends did and their dads weren't making any more than my dad.

I reined in my stampeding mind and dropped it back into the living room with a jolt. Dad was talking, Jerry was listening. Well, I wouldn't subject him to this any longer.

"Jerry, we'll be late to the party," I interrupted, hurrying him out of the house.

I sulked along beside Jerry's

easy stride. Should I apologize for them or . . .

"Say," Jerry mused, "your folks are sure cute. I could listen to them talk all day. I bet they would have some stories to tell. Do you mind if I call for you early next time?"

Now he was poking fun at me.

"How old were they when they came to this country?" he persisted.

"I don't know," I answered moodily.

"Your dad was telling me about ice skating on the sea once when the spring thaw split the ice from the shore and began carrying him out to sea. That's where he was when you said we should go. How did he get to shore?"

I shrugged my shoulders. Jerry looked disappointed but went on.

"I didn't know you'd just moved here from a logging camp in the Olympic Mountains. Logging must be very exciting."

"Yes," I answered.

I guess I'll always remember that evening. Spinning crazily from one emotion to another, I felt like a whirligig that had been wound too tightly. In fact, a week went by before I ran down enough to think clearly.

Mom and I were doing the dishes. Dad was reading the paper. I tried to be casual when I asked, "How old were you, Mom, when you came to this country?"

A dish made a half gainer out of her hands into the dishpan, but her voice was casual when she answered, "I vas sixteen."

"Sixteen! Did you come by yourself?"

"My sister, ve come togeder. She vas year older. Ve never been out of hom community before."

"And your mother let you go?"

"Moder die ven ve vere children."

"But you could speak English?"

"No. Not vun vord."

I felt like I was seeing Mom for the first time. As she told of "vorking out" when she first came to this country, before she met Dad, the dishes she was washing became fine china and I could see her serving a wealthy American family with grace and humility. She must have been quite lovely with her

fine brown hair, carefully molded features and pug nose for spice. Why, Mom was pretty now! Strange that I never noticed it before.

STRANGE HOW many things I never knew. I looked at Dad. Gone to work before I woke in the morning, I knew him mainly as a tired man at the supper table a couple of hours before my bedtime. I asked him about his work and he spoke simply of logging in Finland before emigrating at eighteen, then entering the fir halls of the Northwest. But to me he was suddenly king of the timber giants, more powerful than centuries of virgin growth, capable of bending the towering firs at his whim.

Since that evening when interest in my family first budded, I have watched our family relationships grow and develop into a beautiful bloom. I know now the tree itself had been waiting a long time, potent, anxious for the bud of interest to start its fruition, the beauty for which it had been created. A family can exist sterile of its purpose, contributing nothing to each other and the world, or it can be a reminder to the world of the potential beauty that is intrinsic in all of God's creations.

Now as I breathe the fragrance of our family bloom it seems to whisper, "Every young person, to some extent, weeps over his social disfigurement and harbors a raw embarrassment of his family. Tell them about my fragrance and how it is achieved. Let your regret of wasted years serve as a trumpet that other young people will turn to listen."

How is it achieved? It starts simply. Once the bud of interest forms, it unfolds so regularly each petal could be labeled. When your interest discovers the accomplishments—and failures—of your parents, the circumstances of their growing up and life together, the petals of understanding unfold easily.

When my interest discovered that my parents had been isolated in the tangled loneliness and beauty of the mountains for thirty years with other Swedish people, maintaining their own language and

culture, it was understandable that they would not know baseball. The accent was expected; Swedish literature and food were not only natural but suddenly colorful. When I discovered their poverty in the Old World, their necessity to conserve whatever they owned because of the length and steepness of the trail that led out of the mountains to town, I saw their frugality as wisdom. The petals of appreciation had unfolded.

**Cease to inquire what the
future has in store, and take
as a gift whatever the day
brings forth.**

Horace

Now as I look at the Easter egg incident I do not hesitate to measure the standards of the world against my mother's "warped" ones. The banty eggs didn't satisfy our childish gluttony but they were the essence of imaginative beauty, food for the spirit rather than food for the stomach.

Now I appreciate the lesson of the birdhouse. To enjoy simple, natural things in life is great. Some folks want others to know about their aesthetic sense so they nail a birdhouse on their house and wait for applause. My folks nailed the birdhouse where they could enjoy and applaud the activities of God's creatures.

While I ranted and raved at the debut of each new fad, my folks quietly put the price of each fad away. I missed my friends when I went to college. Somehow their fathers did not have the price of the tuition. But they had a ragbag full of castaway fads.

My appreciation mounted on wings and absorbed the fragrance of love and dropped it into the heart of the bloom. With love a house becomes a home, the flowering is complete and God looks at his creation and says, "It is good."

If I thought I were an offspring with unique problems, I would have had no purpose in telling you

my story. If I didn't feel you might profit by my mistakes, I would not have written them. Though my case may be an exaggeration of yours, I, nevertheless, feel the difficulties themselves are universal.

As we become socially conscious in the process of growing up, we want desperately to be liked, to be one of the gang. We work hard at losing ourselves in the crowd by coloring the same size Easter eggs. Our parents work to save us from ourselves by helping us develop our priceless inheritance of individuality.

PERHAPS WE HAVE NOT revolted at these crossed purposes, but have kindly tolerated our parents. Is that home? When a white brother looses the chains from his black brother to slam the door in his face, is that brotherly affection? When nations lay down arms to sit and make faces at each other, is that peace? Is an absence of strife love?

Love is not idle passiveness; it is active, vibrant. It begins with mutual interest and becomes a cooperative and thrilling adventure that fills your house with fragrance and gives it the identity of home. Little things become big, important. You wouldn't trade that hike with Dad or drying the dishes with Mom any more than they'd trade the happiness and tears you share with them.

Jerry did call early that next time. Dad told him how he got off that piece of ice and of other boyhood adventures. The accent was still there but I knew now that the scars had been on my own heart.

"Say," Jerry said as we left, "you're really lucky to have parents with such different experiences. You know, I wouldn't admit this to anyone else, but I'm really ashamed of my folks. Why, they've lived on the same street ever since I can remember. They've never done anything."

"Ever asked them what they've done?"

"No-o-o-"

I looked at him condescendingly. "It seems to me that if you took a little interest in what they did . . ."

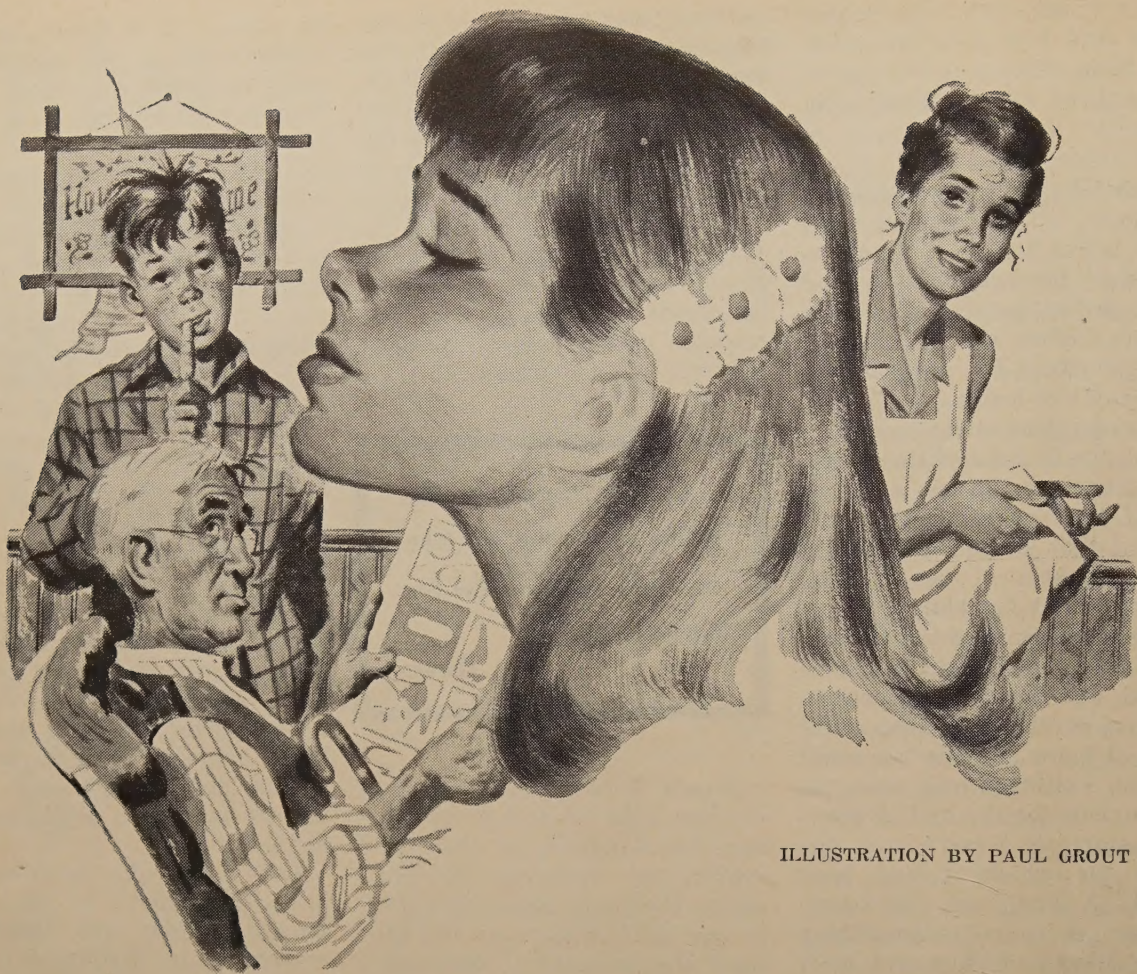


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GROUT

Molly had not been the same since she saw the announcement of the scholarship award to the graduate who could meet the requirements.

concentration on molly

EVERYBODY from Grandpa Dorn to Patsy, the rollicking three-year-old, agreed. Molly had not been the same since she saw the newspaper announcement of the scholarship award and called on Mrs. Winton Brockway. Mrs. Brockway was chairman of the committee in the organization offering a year's tuition to Miss Price's Seminary to the high school graduate who could meet their exacting requirements. Molly came home from the visit with determination tightening her mouth. Two weeks had passed and it seemed as if she had forgotten how to smile.

"Molly is smarter'n a whip!" Grandpa Dorn grumbled. "Why doesn't she just go downtown and find herself a job instead of acting like this?"

Martha Dorn, Molly's mother, wiped a straggling wisp of hair from her eyes and laid Peter's shirt across the ironing board. She tested the iron with a dampened finger. It "zinged" cheerfully.

"Molly wants an education, Papa," Martha said slowly, expertly guiding her iron around Peter's buttons. "You should be proud of her for wanting to better herself."

What's better about it?" Peter asked wistfully. "She hasn't gone swimming with me since she went to see that old—"

"Peter!" Martha warned.

"But, Mother, she promised!" Peter insisted.

"She doesn't swing me, either, Peter," Patsy comforted, snuggling against her long-legged brother.

Lopsidedly Peter grinned and pretended to tie Patsy's braids above her head.

Alice, four years older than Peter and a year younger than Molly, was mending the warm, clean-smelling articles which slid from her mother's ironing board.

a story by **GLADYS BAKER BOND**

She searched for a button for her own best blouse. "I don't see any sense in mending this!" she sighed. "We probably won't even be in the recital!"

"Hasn't Molly practiced with you, Alice?" Martha Dorn asked worriedly. "Oh, dear!"

Silence was so heavy in the room it seemed to push out the faded kitchen walls. They could hear the whirr of the sprinklers in the garden.

"Well, what are we going to do?" Alice and Peter burst out in a chorus.

"That shouldn't be hard to decide!" Molly said crisply, coming across the kitchen porch just in time to hear the tail end of the family conference. "Look at this porch. Toys all over it! Patsy, don't you ever pick up anything? Peter, the wood box is empty! Alice, you left a line of socks hanging right across the walk. They will hit Mrs. Brockway in the face if she calls today!"

Grandpa's white hair bristled. "Young lady!" he snapped. "There are older heads than yours in this house."

"Then why don't those older heads pay attention to what is going on?" Molly retorted. "Look at this house! It's a mess! And, Grandpa, your shirt is unbuttoned. And where are your shoes?"

Grandpa puffed his amazement. His Molly had never spoken like this to him before.

Wearily Martha laid a workworn hand on the girl's arm. "Molly, that is no way to speak to Grandpa! You wouldn't have a chance at this scholarship if Grandpa hadn't sent you to high school!"

Molly's eyelashes dampened. Impulsively she hugged the old man's shoulders. "I'm sorry, Grandpa!" she choked. "I didn't mean to sound so bossy—but why doesn't somebody around here help me? Mrs. Brockway is going to call 'most any day, and we must be on company behavior. You know she said home environment is one of the biggest deciding factors in making a decision about awarding the scholarship!"

"Just what's wrong with our home?" Peter demanded. Belligerently he stuck out his lower lip.

"It looks all right to me!"

"Me, too!" Patsy echoed.

Alice said nothing, but she pushed her sheer white blouse aside with the needle and thread still dangling to the button. "Company behavior" was not going to make a good performance at the piano recital with just one week left to practice. She tried to remember the lilt and swing of the soprano part of the duet she was to play with Molly, but gave up. Usually the atmosphere in the Dorn house bubbled like rice bouncing in a pot, so that responsive, gurgling music rippled through Alice's mind. Today she could not even remember notes written on lines and spaces.

**Learning without thought
is labor lost; thought
without learning is perilous.**

Confucius

She needed Molly's steady, rolling bass accompaniment. She winked back tears and stitched fiercely on a rip in Peter's overalls. She needed Molly—but Molly did not seem to need her. Molly wanted a house with nothing out of order, where nothing looked used or enjoyed. And she wanted a family, unmussed and unhurried, looking as if they never worked but always sat around waiting for guests!

Molly whirled up the kitchen stairs in a torrent of tears after apologizing to Grandpa. Alice folded up her mending and went outside to change the position of the garden sprinklers. Patsy followed dragging her jumping rope. "Jump?" Patsy asked hopefully.

Alice thought of all the things still to be done in the house. Mrs. Brockway might come today. If Molly did not win the scholarship because of an upset house, the Dorns would always blame themselves.

"Why don't you let me help you pick up the toys first, honey?" Alice suggested.

Patsy wiggled her rope along the worn walk. Grandpa had given it to her for her birthday, and it was very dear to her heart.

Betty-Next-Door was going on four and she could already jump rope. Patsy did not want to be left behind. The little girl watched her tall sister bend over the scattered toys. Reluctantly she hopped up the walk, first on one chubby foot, then on the other, to join her.

Patsy did not know what was wrong lately. It did not feel the same any more, and it did not sound the same. Molly did not rush around, like wind pushing the heads of the flowers. Peter did not make up rhymes and Alice did not sing the little tunes that grew behind her eyes. Grandpa forgot to tell stories, and mother just worked.

Peter came to the door and offered to carry the load of toys to the big packing box in the laundry room.

"Now what will I do?" Patsy asked forlornly. "Do I have to put my jump rope away, too?"

Alice hugged the little girl. "No, honey!" she said. "I think even Mrs. Brockway, whoever she is, would let you play with a jump rope!"

Peter pulled several long, golden-orange carrots from a garden row, and washed them under the tap by the chicken yard. He carried them to his favorite "thinking spot" under the elm tree. About thirty-five feet tall, the beautiful tree seemed to touch the sky with its green head, while its leaf fingers made contact with the ground in a wide, cool circle. Sometimes Grandpa threatened to trim the lower branches, since no grass grew in the dim shade under the tree, but Peter always talked him out of it. The elm tree was the most beautiful thing on the whole lot.

Munching a carrot, Peter peeped through his own favorite "peephole." He could see the sprawling brown house, its porches sagging with honeysuckle vines and yellow roses. Grandpa's flowers rioted in

(Continued on page 38.)

READ IT, study it, and put it into practice; that's how to make better use of *Hearthstone*.

"A good book is food for the spirit," and a good magazine article is like an appetizer—stimulating, promising, full of a wealth of helpful ideas. *Hearthstone* offers to the parent a variety of articles and special departments, written by carefully selected authors whose experience and clear thinking make them desirable additions to the magazine. Some of these sections are for fun and entertainment, some are for study and enlightenment, and many are purposefully written as a guide to those parents who are honestly trying to raise their children into a well-rounded, intelligent, Christian homelife, with all the learning, the lack of prejudice, the incentives for a spiritual atmosphere, the love and understanding that building such a home implies.

The articles, which are the backbone of *Hearthstone*, are of two main types: 1) basic and helpful information for parents of all ages of children from preschool through adolescents, and 2) careful and accurate discussions of problems concerning adolescents, written for the young people to read. Many young couples entering upon parenthood are not fully equipped to cope with all the problems that arise in connection with bringing up children. Each situation differs, due to family influence, character, training. *Hearthstone* attempts to assist in the solution of these problems. Discussions of training, family devotions, answering a child's questions, and seasonal celebrations are among the subjects presented. Always the Christian attitude is emphasized. For instance, in the matter of discipline, the principle of explaining to the child why he should or should not act as he did is a vital part of training. Training the parent is as important as training the child, and a Christian magazine such as *Hearthstone* supplies a never-ending source of good material for family living.

One young mother was experiencing a time of embarrassing questions with her five-year-old boy, who persisted in querying her when strangers were about. One day on a bus, sitting opposite a rather plain young woman, Tommy spoke up in a piercing voice and asked, "Mother, why doesn't God make all people pretty like you? Did he put those red spots on that girl's face?" In desperation the mother quieted him; later she sought the remedy. What to do with questions about God? A recent article in *Hearthstone* explains what to tell children of varying ages about the part God and Jesus play in our lives.

By **LOIS S. SMITH**

A conscientious parent, regularly reading *Hearthstone* can find the answers to any number of problems: how and why to discipline small children, how health governs good behavior, how to develop desirable habits of acting and thinking, as well as what toys to choose, and how to plan fun to hold the whole family together. A group of parents studying the benefits of the magazine, might well use it as a basis for training and developing their own children's lives, and also for relationships with people outside the family. For example, what should a baby sitter be prepared to do? Should she, or he, be required to wash dishes, as well as bathe and feed Junior and put him to bed? Should she be allowed to use the telephone and watch television all evening? Can she invite her gang in for an hour or two? *Hearthstone* discusses these and other problems for parents.

For parents of the six-to-twelve-year group there are a multitude of suggestions. The thinking and reasoning part of the individual is being developed at this age, and it is wise for the parent to change tactics. Instead of giving orders, he should explain and request certain actions. One article in *Hearthstone* suggests that a family council during these years has its advantages. Each member can express opinions and a general vote can determine the method to follow. A thoughtful, Christian parent, putting such an article to practice would immediately see an improvement in discipline and relationships between the various members of the group. When each one has a say in the planning of work and fun, the spending and perhaps the earning of money, and the policies of the family, the present and future needs of each individual mean more to the others. It takes but one unthinking order to set on edge all the animosities of the family. It also takes but one conference of the whole group to bring into the open and attempt settlement of all differences.

THE ACTIVITIES of the six-to-twelve-year-old boy or girl become more purposeful, but still need guidance, and an abundance of patience as the child learns new arts. Talents and desires combine to point the way to the future and the wise parent is ever ready with suggestions and assistance when the child appeals for help. The how-to-do articles on the children's pages come into use here in developing understanding of directions, and the use of the hands.

Hearthstone

in Your Home

Interests are short, and a variety of activities must be provided.

A lifetime interest in reading is either established or neglected during these years, and the excellent books listed in *Hearthstone* aid in guiding the reading habits. Too many parents are forgetting the enjoyment they had as youngsters exploring the adventurous bypaths of fiction and fact.

To a parent the transition from thinking of his youngsters as children to a full concept of them as young adults, capable of making their own decisions is a period of great difficulty. Is John old enough to have his own door key? Can he be trusted with the family car? Is it safe to let Nancy stay out after midnight? Sometimes it seems as if all the training and love had been wasted; surely a parent needs help in adjusting *himself* to this new aspect of life. Many of the articles in *Hearthstone* offer excellent suggestions for this changing outlook, guiding the parent in his decisions and explaining the teen-ager's viewpoint.

Sue was nearly fifteen, but she went with a group of boys and girls who were sixteen and seventeen. Since they could stay out later, and do other things she had never been allowed to do, Sue was resentful against her parents. The girl's mother, after reading an article presenting the extra freedom to be given a growing girl or boy, decided to put it on a progressive basis: an extra half hour on group dates, if Sue would wait about single dates until she was sixteen. Sue promised to comply after reading the same article.

Not only are the articles concerning this age written for parents, but many of them are pointed at the youth who is interested in doing the right thing, and is seeking new viewpoints and helpful hints on his many problems. The amount of freedom to be allowed, the pros and cons of dating, the making and keeping of friends new and old, and a discussion of the factors to consider before marrying are included in the contents of recent issues of this family magazine.

While *Hearthstone* is made up mostly of articles, there are other features for the whole family. Each number carries one or two excellent stories for older readers; stories with a problem relating to home life, tales of humor or appealing situations that might occur in almost any life.

There are two to four pages for younger children, brief, entertaining stories of real life or make believe, and an article of information on some subject of interest to the young reader, or a how-to-do piece telling the method used in making some little gift, or explaining some fact of nature. Older children who can read will enjoy these pages, and they can be used as bedtime stories for younger ones.

For family worship, or for a thought to carry through the day there is a page or two of poems, and the brief "Word from The Word."

One page in the magazine deals directly with the reader's problems. The Family Counselors answer specific questions sent in by readers who are seeking advice. A group of experts try to present a Christian solution to each situation.

Shore Winter

It's chill and blue beside the sea.

The gulls all ruffle up their ruffs.

Sandpipers skip to warm their toes—

I think the mermaids carry muffs!

The dune grass rattles, sheathed in ice.

The sun is pale, the wind's abroad—

Come to the fire! Here's steaming tea

And bread sliced thin on a driftwood board!

—ELEANOR HAMMOND

In a lighter vein, there are three departments which suggest fun and entertainment for the whole family. These are the book reviews, the record page, and frequently a party suggestion. Here parents may find brief reviews of adventure books for boys, romance tales for girls, picture and story books for small children, and family stories for the adults. Consult this list for gifts as well as for home reading. For those who love music there is the "Spinning Wheel" a page of records, varying from hymns and classics through an album of popular music or a Hopalong Cassidy tale. Not every issue carries a party suggestion but many of them do, especially in a month of a holiday. Games, decorations and menu are discussed, with references to articles in the same issue dealing with related material, such as holiday customs or special activities of the season.

Hearthstone has many advantages over other magazines dealing with parental guidance, the main one being that a Christian attitude influences all its pages.



"—and we just kept getting farther and farther away from home in our search for an apartment."

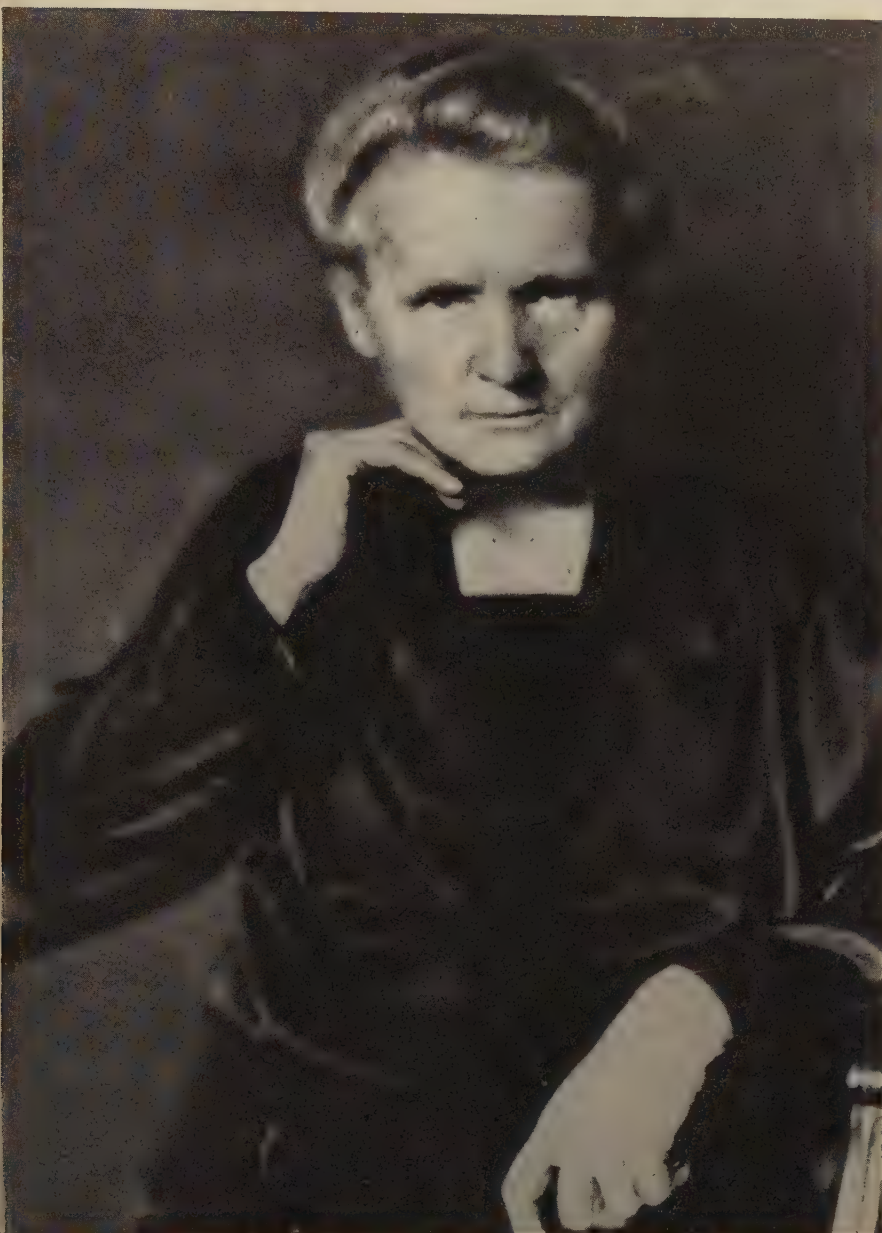
Marie Curie

DISCOVERER OF RADIUM

—Acme Photo.



By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



—Acme Photo.

IT IS THE LOT of some men and women of genius to develop amid circumstances which make for happiness and content. The great composer Mendelssohn, for instance, came from a family of wealth, culture and wide friendships. His path through the realms of music was one of ease and every advantage. But the vast majority of geniuses have sprung from poverty and sacrificial living; their talents were nourished in hard and bitter soil. Beethoven, Mozart, and many another of the great achievers in the

fields of art, music and science, made their way upward through "peril, toil and pain."

Marie Curie, through her entire life, knew sorrow, hardship, insecurity. Born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1867, Marie Skłodowska soon came to know that her country was enslaved, not a free nation. Since 1815 Poland had been partitioned between Russia, Germany and Austria for their trifold rule. Her father was a poor teacher, her mother an invalid from tuberculosis. While very young, her eldest

sister died, and shortly after, when Marie was eleven, her mother left her. These were terrible blows and the young girl was bewildered, and almost ceased praying to God who, she thought, had brought these misfortunes upon her. In later years she became more reconciled; for she was at heart truly religious.

When Marie was nineteen she secured a position as governess with a family which had wealth but little culture. Coming into this home, she appreciated more than ever before what her own home had meant to her. There, in spite of poverty and hardship, there had been love and the stimulus of genuine appreciation. While serving in this home of wealth, the young woman knew little but hardship and loneliness. She frequently was so hard up financially that she did not have the price of a postage stamp for a letter home. She sent every penny she could spare to help her brother get an education. However, these three lonely years chastened but did not sour the spirit of the girl.

In 1891, when Marie was twenty-four, she went to live with her sister Bronya, who was married and living in Paris. She found that she had just enough money for the trip from Warsaw to the French capital, and she had but few clothes, which were old and threadbare. But as she embarked for the trip, her eyes sparkled; for now she was to realize her great dream—to begin her studies in science at the University of Paris. She registered for her courses, and was soon had at work. She met several Polish students, all of whom were trying to work out plans to make their country free. One of the young men she met was a struggling young musician named Ignace Paderewski.

Because her sister's home was so far from the university, Marie decided to move. She found, near the school, a cheap room. Her life there was truly sacrificial, for on an income of thirty cents a day, which her teacher father sent her, she paid for her room, meals, clothes, books and university fees. Later on she changed rooms, at one time taking an attic like a servant's room at the top of a middle-class house. The only light she had was



—Acme Photo.

Mme. Curie and her daughter Irene in the Paris laboratory.

from a small window in the roof. And there was no heat, no lighting, no water. Her furniture included an iron folding bed, a small stove, a plain table, one rickety chair, a few pots and dishes. When she bought coal for her little stove, she carried it up to the sixth floor a bucketful at a time.

Although Marie lived in the most fashionable city in the world, she continued to wear her Warsaw dresses until they were shiny and threadbare. Her food was scant; sometimes she ate nothing but bread and tea, with an egg or some fruit on occasional "sprees." As a result, Marie became anemic. One day her brother-in-law went up to her sixth-story room and found her pale and sick. But, in spite of all, the young student continued her work in science, and with growing enthusiasm. She finally earned her master's degree, then went on studying for two others. In 1894 she was awarded a scholarship which provided about three hun-

dred dollars for further study.

BUT NOW, in 1894, Marie's years of loneliness were to end—for a while. She met a young scientist, Pierre Curie, who, like herself, was devoting body and soul to scientific research. Marie grew to love him, and very soon Marie Sklodowska became Marie Curie. Pierre had been working in obscurity, being little known in Paris or anywhere else, and he had little money, but he insisted on buying his bride a wedding dress. She was willing, but she said: "Please let it be practical and dark, so I can put it on afterward to go into the laboratory."

FROM the time of their marriage, the two young scientists worked together in perfect harmony. They began performing experiments that might lead to the discovery of radium, which would possess such magic powers. Their laboratory was an old wooden shack with a roof that leaked; they had only

some worn tables, a blackboard, and an old cast-iron stove. But in the miserable old shed their happiest years were spent. On several occasions Pierre became discouraged. They had worked hundreds of experiments without results.

In the film, "Madam Curie," there is a scene which takes place after the Curies had labored for months to isolate radium. After the 487th experiment Pierre gives up in despair and cries out: "It can't be done, it can't be done. Maybe in a hundred years it can be done, but never in our lifetime." But as he paces the small room of the shack he meets the resolute face of his wife, who says: "If it takes a hundred years it will be a pity, but I dare not do less than work for it so long as I have life." That was the spirit of Marie Curie, and that was the spirit that bore fruit, at last, in the discovery of the magic substance to be called radium. Upon the announcement of their great victory, the scientists of the world offered congratulations. Now, at last, there might come recognition, world fame, perhaps wealth. And wealth might have been theirs if these two scientists had been of a common sort. But they were not. Soon came from business concerns offers of money for the privilege of exploiting the new find for commercial purposes. But the Curies said no. They would take out no patents; radium should be free to the world. But the two scientists did find much satisfaction in learning that they shared the Nobel Prize for 1903.

Pierre and Marie Curie decided to go along, as best they could, on what money they could earn from their work. Pierre applied for a professorship in the university, but was turned down; at last a position was given him. But now he began to fight ill-health. The possibility that he might be taken from her frightened Marie. "Pierre," she said, "if one of us disappeared, the other could not survive. We can't exist without each other, can we?"

Then came the blow. On an April afternoon of 1906, Pierre, not feeling well, set out for a short

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Husband— or Man Around the House?

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

—Philip Gendreau.

AS IN EVERYTHING else which molds character, the training of a good husband begins in the home while the boys are still little fellows, and while Dad is still their hero. They notice things, but do not always correctly evaluate them, for what Dad does is always right.

As they grow older they look toward marriage and expect their future wives to make homes for them, cook their meals, mend and perhaps wash their clothes, and in many cases even to hold on to a job and help out with the finances. But they also have responsibilities.

Let's establish a few things we wish a husband to be.

Courteous. Surely that is not too much to ask of any member of a family—certainly not too much of the two heads of it. The boys will model their attitude toward Mother and all women after the pattern Dad has set for them in the home. If Dad is considerate of Mother, sympathetic when she is ill or upset, willing to lay down his paper occasionally to listen to something she feels is worth telling him, respects her views even when he doesn't agree with them, it is quite possible that his son will have the same consideration for her, the girls in his class, his own sister, and later his wife. The innately courteous man doesn't put on his courtesy for the benefit of strangers and guests. It is a part of him and manifested even in the privacy



of his own home to members of his family. Courtesy is a Christian trait, based on kindness, on the working out of the Golden Rule.

A Good Provider. That, unfortunately, is what many girls consider the prime requisite in a husband after the romantic lover. On the question of what constitutes a "good provider" opinions differ. For one it means a twenty-thousand dollar house in the suburbs with a car in the garage, a maid in the kitchen, and a mink coat in the upstairs closet. For another it means a three-room apartment near the office, with not too much housework for the wife who goes out to business too. To everyone it should mean that the man has a job and earns enough to keep himself and his wife *within his income*. A "good provider" is not the man who gets away with extravagances until his debts catch up with him. Nor is it the man who makes a fair salary and spends it all on himself. The needs of his family—a well-balanced food budget, clothes, medical care, upkeep of the home—those things must be figured out together, realistically.

In setting up the family budget, don't forget that church giving is a must. The child should be encouraged to take it out of his allowance, to plan it in advance, not expect Dad or Mother to come across with some loose change at the last minute on Sunday morning. Church giving is not the complete responsibility of the Christian budget. The family who needs help, March of Dimes, European Relief, Red Cross, Community Chest and other drives should be figured in.

Hand in hand with the good provider, of course, goes the good manager. A wife has to be that or it doesn't matter how much her husband makes.

Companionability. The husband who is practically never home, and when he is home is half asleep, is hardly a good example to his son. He should be interested enough in his home and his children and his wife to want to hear what has happened during the day, to help plan major changes in furnishing, to talk over plans for recreation,

and dream of the future. He should go out with his wife occasionally, and help her entertain friends at home. It means going places together, playing together, really sharing the same interests—but it does not mean one handicapping the other. Sharing a husband's interests does not mean tagging after him everywhere he goes, never permitting him strictly male associations. That goes for the wife, too. Wives today sometimes have careers outside their homes, and business and social engagements which do not include their husbands, and some even take separate vacations when ideas of recreation do not completely harmonize. It's not companionability when a tone-deaf husband goes un-

**It is much easier to be critical
than to be correct.**

Disraeli

willingly to a concert with his wife, or when a wife who hates the country, foregoes a trip to New York and accompanies her husband on a fishing trip just to spend a vacation together. But there is one place to which husband and wife should wish to go in complete accord, and take the children—that is to church and church functions. Church attendance should be a family affair. It should not be considered as the place where Mama goes while Dad plays golf.

Sharing Responsibility. All too often home is Mother's sphere, but a good husband is also a good father and a good householder. He helps with the training of the children, realizing that his example is being watched, especially by the boys. He teaches the children consideration for their mother, understanding of her problems, and appreciation of her qualities as well as respect for her accomplishments within the home and outside. He sees that his ideas of discipline do not conflict with hers. He is not the half-feared adult who wields the hairbrush or withholds the

allowance—nor is he the money-earner who is to be mobbed every time one of the children needs a quarter. He is the other half of a pair of senior partners in the home business concern, besides being adviser, friend, and guide. He isn't above nailing up a loose board, and he expects Junior to help him out with the grass; he isn't too tired to go to a Parent-Teacher affair at school, or to Sunday school and church on Sunday morning; he's counted in on a family excursion, and Junior learns from him how a gentleman treats a lady. He takes responsibility too in the religious training of the children not only accompanying them to church and Sunday school, but also taking an active part in family devotions in the home.

Affectionate. In many homes affection is spontaneous—the loving pat, the terms of endearment, the affectionate rough-housing given and taken as a matter of course. The good father knows when to cuddle his small daughter in his lap, will surprise his wife with an unexpected gift, will show in countless ways that he loves her, and Junior looking on may think for a while that it is "sissy stuff" but when he grows up he will remember it as a part of normal home life. It is hard to imagine boys and girls from such a home environment going far astray.

Faithfulness. It would seem to go without saying that a good husband is not one with a roving eye. Children are quick to sense things such as Daddy's friendship with another woman, or Mama's constant jealous suspicions. What kind of attitude will Junior take toward his own wife if he knows his father has had other feminine interests on the side, or has heard the moral lapses of neighbors and relatives gossiped about freely and without criticism in his home? It may sometimes be the part of a good husband to keep the children from realizing that all is unfortunately not what it should be between the parents, and sometimes it means self-sacrifice and a great deal of forbearance to remain faithful to a wife who is not worthy of it. But what percentage of

(Continued on page 47.)

IT WAS A COLD, wet winter evening and there were few people in church. The heating system took this unhappy occasion to display the worst symptoms of its extreme senility so that the small congregation huddled together and occasionally you could see one of them shiver uncontrollably. Under such conditions, naturally, the service was not as inspiring as it might have been, the singing was weak and dissipated and the benediction was obviously the best received of all the items in the order of service. I must confess that I came down from the pulpit feeling strong relief that it was over and that the sooner all concerned forgot that service, the better.

Well, shift the scene now to a day some two or three years from

that unfortunate Sunday evening and to the home of one of the members of that church. We were sitting in his comfortable living room before a roaring log fire when suddenly he asked, "Do you remember that Sunday evening a couple of years back when we had the smallest congregation on record and the heating system went on the blink?" I said that in spite of the fact that I had vastly rather forget that occasion than remember it, the memory of it still lingered with me. "Well," he said, "I want to thank you for your sermon that night for it has meant more in my life than any sermon you have preached in our church." With a

great deal of amazement I heard his story.

The sermon that night had been aimed toward encouraging families to read the Bible together in the home. Though I had not dreamed that any such thing was in the wind, this man had been on the verge of divorce. That night they went home after church and sat a while before going to bed. Finally this man went to the bookcase and found the Bible on its high and lonely shelf, blew the dust off it and began to read aloud from it. After reading a passage he bowed his head and prayed and his family prayed with him. "And then," the man said to me, "there never was another hint of divorce in our home and we have read the Bible together every evening since then." But this is the thing that has stuck in my mind and heart: "You know," he went on, "the funny thing is that there the Bible was

Harold Lambert.



**How
to
Make
the
Bible
Your
Own**

all the time—up there on its shelf, dusty, unread, with my name stamped in gold on it—but it wasn't really mine until I brought it down and let it speak to our need."

Many times since then I have thought of that instance and many times have had my imagination staggered by the thought of what would happen in the homes and churches and communities of Christendom if all those dusty, lonely, unused Bibles were taken down off their shelves and permitted to speak to the needs of man.

Perhaps somewhere in your home there is a Bible which hasn't been moved from its resting place for lo these many months, and perhaps you have been wondering how the Bible can really belong to you—how its truths can be a part of the spiritual bloodstream of your being, how its beauty and mystery and faith and strength of life can become your own. Well, the story I have just told you goes to some length to say something that seems almost too elementary to be said at all: you have to take the Bible down off its shelf and read it, if it is ever going to become your own. Of course, there are many ways in which the Bible may be read, some good, some not so good; but however that may be, the first thing is to read it—systematically. We as Christians believe that the Bible is the most important book in the world and therefore it would seem reasonable that we spend more time reading the Bible than any other book on earth. The unfortunate fact is, however, that many of us read the sports page in the morning paper with greater regularity and care than we give to our reading of the Bible.

But there is a difference which the serious reader of the Bible will discover right away. Whereas a large percentage of modern reading is purely and simply for entertainment, the reading of the Bible ought to contain in it elements deeper and more serious than that. We are not looking for beautifully sonorous phrases, or poetic expressions, or interesting stories, or exciting adventures—even though those things do abound in the Bible—we are looking for the Word of

**Bacchus has drowned more
men than Neptune.**

Garibaldi

God in the Book of Life and that involves serious concentration and consecrated study. Therefore there will be connected with our Bible-reading certain habits and rules which will appear at first glance to be very dull and uninspired trappings far removed from the high romance of hearing the Word of the Lord. But this is only because we have romanticized the dully unimportant and have made uninteresting the only really exciting things under heaven.

FIRST WE MAY mention such a thing as the underlining of certain passages in the Bible. Some will be horrified and call this sacrilege, but the refusal to mark the Bible is often a symptom of the false sanctity that removes the Bible far from the real possession of people. Mark the Bible, underline those words and phrases and paragraphs which seem to speak directly to your heart. No man can hear and assimilate all God has to say to him in one sitting. Mark that passage so that you can go back to it time after time and dip again into its crystal depths with the bucket of your hungry interest and you will be refreshed and strengthened all your life because you have marked out a trail which you can follow to some deep fountainhead you have found in Scripture.

You will also find it helpful to write in the margins of your Bible not only the clear statements of God's Word which you have found, but also the questions and problems which occur to you as you read. Be honest with your own mind and with the Bible as you read it. Don't dodge the questions, the problems, the parts you do not understand. Mark them down in the margin and go back to them until God rewards the hunger and seriousness of your interest with a clearer understanding of what He has caused His servants to write in His Book.

You will need tools with which to work. The most important tools, of course, are your own interest and dedication to the task of making the Bible your own; but there are other tools that are helpful, too. One of your first wants will be a concordance with which you can quickly and easily find any passage in the Bible. Sometimes fairly extensive concordances are included in study editions of the Bible, but a complete concordance will earn you spiritual dividends a thousand times over. Maps, sometimes also supplied in the back of study Bibles, will come in handy as you follow the action of the Bible story through the territory in which it took place. Mountains, rivers, the general topography of the Holy Land, often have direct bearing upon the understanding of certain happenings. There are fascinating books upon the geography of the Holy Land which your pastor may be able to lend you.

And then you will want to read what others have discovered and felt and thought in their reading of the Bible. In reading some of the commentaries upon the Bible you will have the privilege of fellowship with some of the very choicest minds and spirits ever to appear amongst God's people. The Bible message is so rich and full that no man or generation could ever record the fullness of it, and so we need the help which others can give us as we try to make the Bible our own. You will not agree with everything you read in commentaries and, indeed, that is a good thing, for as your own mind grapples with a position you cannot hold, you will gain new insights and your own faith will become stronger. There are some fine one-volume commentaries upon the whole Bible which are helpful and reasonably inexpensive. The two with which I am personally acquainted are the Abington and the Dummelow commentaries. These are necessarily restricted in space and sometimes seem skimpy in just the places where we are most in need of help, but they have many things to recommend them and will be a help to anyone who wants to

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THE HORNNED TOAD



There was a sudden commotion on the porch, then the boy bounded into the kitchen. His brown eyes sparkled.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HENRY MOORE PICKEN

the south window above the sink was shaded from the sun by a tall fig tree. An electric refrigerator stood in one corner beside an old-fashioned sewing machine. In the center of the room was a large table, at which sat Fred, an athletic type in a loose-fitting sports jacket. His attractive wife, a tall brunette in a blue frock, was sitting on a hard chair against the wall.

Getting to his feet, Fred said as he moved toward the large window, "Before we go, we'll have to tell Jimmie all about it."

"And," his wife suggested, "we can come up for him next Saturday. That will give Julia plenty of time to get Jimmie ready."

As Julia took the coffee can from a shelf, she said, "That part will be simple enough, Brenda. I'll attend to the school transfer before Friday, and I imagine Jimmie will want to take along a lot of his junk."

Brenda questioned, "Junk, Julia?"

"Yes. You know how boys are."

"Perhaps I don't. I had no brothers, remember."

"They gather up all kinds of junk and fill their rooms with it."

Brenda touched a dainty hand to her lovely curls. "Oh, Jimmie will soon find new things to interest him in the city, Julia."

From the window, Fred remarked, "He's out there now, working in the garden."

"He got home early," Julia said. "I guess he doesn't know you're in here."

"Looks like he's keenly interested in something."

"Probably his strawberry plants. He set a few out yesterday. Jimmie is quite a gardener, you know."

"Where are the girls, though?" Brenda asked.

A Story by

ARTHUR ROWLAND

THEN, IT'S ALL settled," said Julia's brother.

"Yes, Fred," she replied, though her tone lacked decision. "I suppose so." A thin woman with bright blue eyes and fading brown hair, Julia wore a freshly laundered house dress beneath a flowered kitchen apron. She was more than ten years older than her brother, who was twenty-five. After a moment's silence, she said, "I'll make a cup of coffee before you leave."

"Oh, don't bother, Julia," Fred's wife objected. "We must start back soon."

"It won't take long, Brenda."

Moving to the stove, Julia struck a match to the gas under the tea-kettle.

It was a big, square kitchen in an old house which stood at the edge of a busy town of five thousand in the Sacramento Valley. Though clean and scrubbed-looking, the room had an untidiness suggestive of being lived in. The walls were in need of a fresh coat of paint and the plaster was cracked in a few places. A door at the back opened upon a wide porch, the big east window provided a view of the rear yard, and

"Clare had to stay for a class assembly, so Wanda is waiting for her." Julia went on thoughtfully as she measured out the coffee, "Somehow, Fred, I don't feel exactly right about it."

Her brother faced her. "Now, what, Julia? We've gone into the matter from every angle, haven't we? You have two teen-age girls to look after. Isn't that enough, without the expense of raising a nephew?"

"It's almost like giving up one of my very own, though. I've had Jimmie so long. It makes me feel like I'm evading my responsibility."

"What nonsense, Julia! The boy will have a good home with us, excellent schools, and college later, if he wants it. And this is only fifty miles from Sacramento. We can bring him up to see you often." After a pause Fred questioned, "Is there any reason, Julia, for you to feel that he won't be contented with Brenda and me?"

"Certainly not, Fred. And I know you can give him many advantages that I can't."

"Well, what more can you ask?"

Julia became silent. She could not ask that her brother help to support the boy without taking him from her. The clock on the wall ticked the minutes noisily as she poured boiling water into the top compartment of the coffee-maker. In the fig tree outside the open window, a mockingbird started to sing and a sweet melody floated into the kitchen. Julia crossed to the table and sat down. Her hands folded in her lap, she said quietly, "It's almost ten years since the night Jim came through that door, carrying an infant in his arms, but it seems only yesterday. Poor Jim was so clumsy with a baby." She put a question as if to herself, "But where else was there for him to go? His wife was dead, and Mother was not well enough to take him and the child in and care for them."

"But Julia, we know all that," Fred said impatiently.

"Yes, you know what happened, of course. Jim became a pilot in the Air Force. He liked it, so when the war was over, he took that position in South America, flying a

commercial plane. I raised his son from infancy. Jimmie has been like my very own. I couldn't have loved him more if he had been. At first, I had to leave him with Mrs. Graham next door while I was at work." For a brief space, only the voice of the mockingbird was heard above the ticking of the clock in the room. Then Julia continued, "I had only this property and a small insurance when Tom, my husband, passed away. The house was free from mortgage, though. I had to find employment and the only place I seemed to fit in was at the hairdressing establishment. It was close to home, I could see

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

J. S. Mill

the girls off in the morning, and Mrs. Graham kept an eye on them after school. The work was exacting, and my pay very small till I learned it thoroughly."

Brenda put in quietly, "It must have been hard for you, Julie."

"And," Fred remarked glumly, "none of us helped any."

Julia glanced at him quickly. "I never looked for that. I had no right to expect help. You all had your own problems. And you know you went into the army before you were eighteen, Fred. That was just after Mother died. Martha, left alone on that ranch in Wyoming, had her troubles, too. Poor Martha. When she came to Mother's funeral, she was almost like a stranger."

"How about Lucy?" Fred queried. "She might have done a little. Her husband's business in Oakland was paying off."

"Lucy was completely absorbed in her own small boy, Fred."

"Yeah," he growled. "Absorbed in spoiling him."

"Now, Fred," his wife chided, "don't be so critical of Lucy."

"We never have been in need," Julia said. "The youngsters have not wanted for those things essen-

tial to comfort and health. There are always new demands from growing children, though, and with prices so high, sometimes it's still a tight pinch before payday. While Jim was in the Air Force, his monthly allotments took care of Jimmie's small needs. Then there was the check he sent me from South America every two weeks, until he was killed in that plane crash a month ago." The mockingbird stopped singing abruptly, making the noisy clock on the wall sound the louder. After a pause, Julia went on, "I simply don't understand why Jim did not provide insurance for his son. That was his way, though, no concern about tomorrow."

"Why go over all this again?" Fred asked crossly. "We've threshed out the whole situation before."

BRENDA SAID, "I will never have a child of my own, Julia. Both Fred and I are very fond of Jimmie. We would treat him as our son. There is that big room in our new house waiting for him. And Fred is doing so well now as representative of the Apex Corporation."

"When we were here two weeks ago," Fred reminded, "you promised to think it over, Julia, and to give us your final answer today. Remember?"

"Yes, I did think it over," she replied gently. "Through sleepless nights, I thought it over. And I prayed, asking for guidance. I prayed that I might do what was best for Jimmie. I watched, too. I watched for a sign."

"What kind of sign?"

"A sign to show me the way, Fred. If we only would see, I believe we'd find the hand of God is often present." She stared blankly at the table a moment. "But I was unable to see anything that pointed a way. I saw no sign. So I thought that perhaps you were supposed to take Jimmie."

"Then, what has come over you at the last minute, Julia?"

"Doubt has crept in, that's all. A fear that perhaps I am shirking my duty."

"Such nonsense!"

"Julia," said Brenda, "it's only

natural that you find it hard to part with the child, though you will know later you have acted for the best."

"Yes, Brenda, perhaps it is only because I'm thinking how I'll miss him. I'm being selfish, I guess. Jimmie is such a help. He takes care of the grass and hedge and runs my errands. And what he grows in his garden now helps a great deal in keeping down our food bill." After a moment's reflection, she said, "Gardening seems to fascinate Jimmie. It has a strange hold on him. He reads everything he can get hold of on planting and plant life, young as he is. He has learned a great deal about various soils, and he knows which bugs and insects are beneficial and which harmful." Julia laughed lightly as she added, "There are times when I believe Jimmie has a touch of genius for things like that."

"Just a hobby," Fred asserted. "A healthy kid with an interest. He probably would be just as keen on model planes, or something else, once he got started."

"Perhaps you're right, Fred. And in the city there will be so many things of interest." Julia got up from the table, saying, "We'll say no more about it. I'll try to have Jimmie ready for you when you come next Saturday."

There was a sudden commotion on the porch, then the boy bounded into the kitchen. His brown eyes sparkling in a face glowing excitedly, he exclaimed as he held out a closed fist, "Aunt Julia! Look what I found!" Stopping in surprise at the sight of callers, he said, "Oh, hello, Uncle Fred and Aunt Brenda."

Fred smiled at him. "Didn't you know we were here?"

"No. I didn't hear your car."

"We got here some time ago."

"But, Jimmie," Brenda said softly. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"What?" he queried.

"Your shoes. I hardly think your Aunt Julia allows you to come into her clean kitchen with muddy feet."

"Oh, I forgot about it." Grinning, he returned to the porch to wipe his shoes.

Julia remarked, "Boys just can't remember to clean their feet, it seems."

"He won't find so much mud in the city," Brenda said.

Coming in again, Jimmie held his hand toward Julia. "Look, Aunt Julia!"

She chided, not unkindly, "What is it you've dragged in now?"

"Look! I haven't saw—"

"Haven't seen, Jimmie," Brenda corrected quietly.

"Haven't seen one of these for a long time." Opening his fist, he revealed a small, brown lizard. "See?"

"Oh!" Brenda cried in fright. "A snake! Take it out!"

"Snake?" Jimmie laughed merrily. "It's no snake. It's a horned toad."

"Horned toad! That's as bad! The thing's poisonous!"

"It won't hurt you, Aunt Brenda."

She commanded frantically, "Take it out! Kill it!"

"Look, Aunt Brenda, how tame it is. It closes its eyes when I scratch its head."

Brenda sat down heavily on a chair. Her face was white with fear. "Julia, make him get that horrid thing out of here."

"Jimmie," Julia ordered quietly, "take your horned toad back to the garden."

"Okay," he said in a low voice, looking down at the little creature in his earth-stained hand.

"Then, I wish you'd run over to the store for me and get a half pint of cream."

"Okay."

"And hurry, because Fred and Brenda have to get started back to the city."

WHEN THE BOY had gone quietly from the room, Julia remarked, "I made a batch of ice-box cookies last night. You'll like

them with the coffee."

"I shan't be able to eat a thing, after seeing that horrible creature." Brenda brushed a hand across her white forehead and said apologetically, "But I'm sorry. Anything of that sort simply terrifies me."

Julia placed a cloth on the table. Slowly and thoughtfully as though of troubled mind, she smoothed out the wrinkles. Suddenly she stood erect and faced her brother, who had moved across to the window again. "Fred," she said throatily, "I can't let you have—"

"Skip it, Julia." He turned about from the window. "I understand. I got it."

"Got what?" Brenda demanded sharply.

Following an awkward pause, he answered, "The horned toad, and Jimmie busting in like that. Can't you see, Brenda?"

"I don't understand."

Fred came to the table. With two hands holding the back of a chair, he said, "Brenda, the boy's place is not with us. What right have we to rob him of the things he loves? Why, Jimmie would be lost in the city. It would be cruel to take him away from his garden, his insects and other creatures, and—and his Aunt Julia."

"But I don't see—"

"Julia is the only mother the boy has known and he is devoted to her, Brenda. They have grown along together, and have become used to each other's ways. But with us, there would likely be a difficult period of readjustment."

"What do you mean, readjustment?"

"Brenda, Julia can overlook things in the boy that might prove most annoying to you—like bringing in a horned toad, and forgetting to clean the mud from his feet." After a thoughtful moment, Fred continued. "Perhaps Jimmie may have a talent, a gift that should be developed. Who knows? I can, and will, help in a financial way, but it is Julia the boy needs to encourage his interests and ambitions, Brenda."

She stood gazing at the wall, unseeing, for a long space, while the ticking of the clock pierced the

(Continued on page 35.)

**If a man empties his purse
into his head, no one can take
it from him.**

Ben Franklin



—Pinney.

—Monkmeyer.

LOVE, DEVOTION, SECURITY

TO GUIDE LITTLE children in religious growth their needs must be understood and appreciated and met. The first thing which the parents must do is to provide a home background of love, devotion, and security. Little children under six years of age will react favorably to that type of environment just as plants react to the proper sunlight, water, warmth, and soil nourishment.

Young children are quick to judge an adult's actions as expressions of his religious ideas. Consequently, the adult who tries to teach a child that it is wrong to lie and then tells someone to answer the telephone to say "she is not at home," certainly builds up confusion and distrust in the young child's mind. If the parent tells the child that it is right to be kind to animals and follows this by neglect of the household pet, the child soon learns that what the adult says and what he does are two different things. Adults should be extremely careful of their actions toward others, since we know that children's religious ideas are learned through the things they see done by the adults around them. Honesty in action is one of the first requirements in teaching religion to little children. "Actions speak louder than words," and children under six realize the truth of that statement.

This honesty in action sets the religious stage at home. The daily social relationships of family members as shown when they do things for each other, when they express love and devotion through many kindnesses, and when they respect each other's opinions—these are all sensed by the young child. Tolerance toward people of other races and nationalities is also sensed through action, not words. It should be remembered that little children are naturally democratic and that they show no discrimination in choice of playmates. How can a parent build up a realistic and vital tolerance toward all if she tells the child that he must not play with "so and so" because he lives on the wrong street!

Usually, children under six do not notice that the Negro or Orien-

tal child looks different until the adult points out the differences to them. However, little children do notice physical handicaps and adults have to be ready to point out the strength of that particular child, so that his natural weakness can be overlooked. In many ways, parents can put love and devotion into practice and it is through action that the young child begins to respond more readily along the lines which are desirable for him to follow. If preceded by sincere devotion to people and to the right things, the parents' devotion to God will later be respected, understood, and appreciated.

Another problem in the home background is that of providing an environment of security. The parents must feel and act secure themselves. This can be done in a house that is a shack or even a stable! One does not need a million dollars to give children a feeling of security. Friendliness from all of the adults in the home is important. The child responds to a warm smile as a flower responds to the warm sunshine. Walk down the street and try this experiment. Smile at some of the children whom you happen to meet and keep a straight face or even frown at others. Notice the difference in the reactions of the children. Your smiles will become magnets.

A child's feeling of security also comes when he feels that he "belongs" in the group, that he is wanted, needed, and loved. Many types of responsibilities around the home make him feel that he is needed. He can set the table, bring in the mail, help to dust, and the like. How different the adult feels when he realizes that he is needed so much that the group cannot get along without him!

Children feel secure when they have an opportunity to learn, to give, and to succeed. Little children learn many things through asking questions and adults should never tire of giving the correct answers, if they know them! The answer "I don't know" is sometimes necessary. There are many

things that many people do not know. Children are quick to detect bluffing and they have no respect for the type of person who does it.

CHILDREN ALSO learn through experiences of many different types. Trips to the store and farm, a ride on the subway or train, planting some seeds, taking care of turtles, constructing a playhouse out of some old rugs and a clothesline—all of these are invaluable experiences through which children learn various things.

Many pages could be written on the problem of giving. Little children are often forced to give before they are ready and before they know the meaning of it. Adults often fool themselves into thinking that they are teaching children to give when they ask them to give away their old toys or things which they no longer want. It was Jack London who said that charity is not a bone thrown to the dog, but a bone shared with the dog when you are just as hungry as the dog! Little children are truly giving when they part with something they want for themselves and when they give it because they want to, and not because someone has suggested it or advocated it by force.

It has also been mentioned that children need to succeed in order to feel secure. Society has a whole group of adults and juveniles who are living examples of the results of constant failures. "Nothing succeeds like success." Provide a success for every child. Look for the good. Accent the affirmative. Remember that there is "a little bit of God in every man."

Another way in which security may be provided for children is for adults to be consistent. Fathers know the feelings that result from working for an inconsistent "boss." "He never knows what he wants!" There is no stability. There is a general state of confusion. Little children are very sensitive to this state of affairs. Make up your mind and progress
(Continued on page 32.)

My Country Is the World

My country is the world;
My flag with stars impearled,
Fills all the skies;
All the round earth I claim,
Peoples of every name;
And all inspiring fame,
My heart would prize.

Mine are all lands and seas,
All flowers, shrubs and trees,
All life's design,
My heart within me thrills,
For all uplifted hills,
And for all streams and rills,
The world is mine.

And all men are my kin,
Since every man has been,
Blood of my blood;
I glory in the grace
And strength of every race,
And joy in every trace
Of brotherhood.

—ANONYMOUS

I Would Be True

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

I would be learning, day by day, the lessons
My heavenly Father gives me in his Word;
I would be quick to hear his lightest whisper,
And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard.

—HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

Show Me What I Ought to Do

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own good way;
Teach me to be kind and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave,
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

—JOHN P. HOPPS



WORSHIP IN THE

with You

“Blessed Is the Nation”

IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, February is one month of the year in which patriotism is emphasized. Since it is the birth month of two of our early presidents, both of whom were outstanding leaders, it is timely to discuss those things which have made our country great.

Parents would do well to follow the example of the public schools and emphasize the religious aspects of our nation's greatness. Our founding fathers were men of deep religious conviction. Their ideals were built on Christian principles. Their moral code was built on Christian virtues. If this nation is to remain great, its people must return to such values.

Our early leaders believed in God's leading, his blessing upon obedience to his commands and his punishment upon disobedience. In that they were like Moses who led his people through a historical crisis.

And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be mine own possession from among all peoples: for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation.

—Exodus 19:3-6.

God wanted obedience from his children in the days of Moses, and he has yearned for it all the days since then down to the present time. He promised his children certain blessings if they would keep his commandments.

And he will judge between the nations, and will decide concerning many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

—Isaiah 2:4.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.

—Psalm 33:12.

Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord.

—Psalm 144:15.

Children



God Is the Lord"

Righteousness exalteth a nation;
But sin is a reproach to any people.

—Proverbs 14:34.

It is hard to live in Christian ways, and easy to live in unchristian ways. This has been the experience of people down through the ages. (See Romans 7:15, 21-25.) Knowing their own weaknesses, men have always prayed for the help and the strength of God.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known on the earth,
Thy salvation among all nations.

—Psalm 67:1-2.

Jesus recognized that men could not live together without benefit of government. He was subject to the government of his day and he wanted others to be.

"Tell us, then, what you think. Is it lawful to pay taxes to Caesar, or not?" But Jesus, aware of their malice, said, "Why put me to the test, you hypocrites? Show me the money for the tax." And they brought him a coin. And Jesus said to them, "Whose likeness and inscription is this?" They said, "Caesar's." Then he said to them, "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

—Matthew 22:17-21.

Paul also advocated subjection to the authority of the law. (See 1 Tim. 1:8-11.) He went even further and urged that the Christians pray for their rulers.

First of all, then, I urge the supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men, for kings and all who are in high positions, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, godly and respectful in every way. This is good, and it is acceptable in the sight of God our Savior.

—1 Timothy 2:1-3.

Christians today would do well to follow this admonition.

This month, as you talk to your children about what makes a nation great, use some of these Scripture verses, the poems and prayers which appear in these pages, the story, "The Flag That Grew," on page 26, and "Spiritual Foundations for Better Homes," page 2.

For My Country

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

For if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try, I can.

She wants men brave and noble;
She needs men brave and kind;
My country counts on me to be
For her with heart and mind.

And so I'll love my country,
And daily as I grow
I'll ask that God will guide me in
The things I ought to know.

STANZAS 1, 2, 3 ANONYMOUS

STANZA 4, JESSIE B. CARLSON

These Things Shall Be: A Loftier Race

These things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes;
They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

—JOHN A. SYMONDS

Prayer

Dear Lord, as we bow our heads we would lift up our hearts to thee. We would bow before our King and look up trustingly to our Father. We live under thy rule and we grow under thy love. We are glad to be in thy world. Make us worthy citizens of it, we pray, so that our home, our community, our state, our country and the whole world may be helped and not harmed by us. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

¹From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William A. Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

WHEN THE SAKOWSKYS moved from the dark, crowded old tenement house to a little apartment with many windows, they were a happy family. The house they moved into had once been the home of a wealthy family, but was now divided up into small apartments, and the Sakowskys had the third floor front, three rooms and a tiny bath.

It was only four years since they had come from Russia, and in the new home they felt they were rapidly becoming Americans; at least Ivan did, for now he would go to school with real American boys and girls as well as those from other countries.

It was so nice to have windows through which real sunshine could come, that the four children spent most of the first day leaning in the windows, enjoying the sunshine and watching the crowds in the street.

It was Ivan who discovered the queer iron piece fastened to the window sill. He couldn't imagine what it was, and his father and mother couldn't tell either, so the first day he went to school he asked the teacher. She led him to a big window in the hall and showed him a big red and white and blue flag waving in the breeze. The wooden flagstaff was fitted into an iron piece just like the one in his window, only larger.

"Is it like that?" asked the teacher, smiling at him.

"Yes, only smaller," answered Ivan. Then after a moment, "That's beautiful flag, Teacher."

"Yes, it is. I think the American flag is the most beautiful in the world because of what it stands for."

"What does it stand for?" asked Ivan eagerly.

"It stands for truth and purity and courage," answered the teacher, looking straight into Ivan's eyes.

"I wish I had one for our window," said Ivan, looking straight back at the teacher.

"Only real Americans have any right to fly an American flag."

The teacher and Ivan turned to see Tom Blake, a big boy in Ivan's

THE Flag THAT Grew

class, standing behind them.

"That's true," agreed the teacher, "but what does it take to make a real American?"

"Oh, they have to be born here in America," answered Tom, "and have fathers and grandfathers who helped to make the country!"

Ivan felt so disappointed; for he did want to be a real American, but if what Tom said was true he just never could be. He looked eagerly at the teacher to see if she agreed with Tom.

"That's one way of being an American, Tom," she was saying, "but some of the best Americans I know were not born here, and some of the poorest have had

fathers and grandfathers who lived and worked here for many generations. Don't you think, after all, being a good American is just loving America, keeping her laws and helping in every way to make her a better country? No matter how long our forefathers had lived here, we couldn't be good Americans if we ourselves didn't do these things, now could we?"

Tom hung his head and moved off down the hall, but Ivan looked gratefully at the teacher.

"I'm going to be a good American, Teacher," he promised solemnly, "but I wish I did have a flag; it would help me to remember what America stands for."



"You will have to wait until you make enough money to buy one," smiled the teacher.

That night Ivan asked his father to buy him a flag, but it took all the money Mr. Sakowsky could make to pay rent for the tiny flat and buy food and clothes. The next day Ivan found a store that sold flags, but a big one such as he wanted cost a lot of money—more than he could make selling papers in many weeks, even if he had not needed the money to buy books and other things.

DAY BY DAY his desire for a flag grew and grew. Every holiday when he saw the bright red, white, and blue flags floating from windows he stopped and looked admiringly at them, and remembered how the teacher had said the flag stood for truth and purity and courage.

"Teacher, you don't suppose we could make a flag, do you?" he asked one day.

And that question gave the teacher a great idea. She thought and planned that night, and next morning she talked to her class about the flag—how the first one had been made, how the stars on the blue background had grown from thirteen to forty-eight, what the colors stood for, and then asked her question.

"How would you boys and girls like to make a flag of our own?"

"Sewing a flag is girls' work," growled Tom.

"Perhaps sewing it is," smiled the teacher, "but making a flag is everybody's work."

"How do you mean make it, if it isn't sewing it?" asked Martha West.

The teacher looked around the room, smiling into the eager faces upturned to her gaze. There were Beppo from Italy, Ivan from Russia, Louis from France, Heinrich from Germany, Mike from Ireland, and many others, to say nothing of all the rest from America.

"I mean really make it by our deeds and our lives," she told them.

"I don't understand how you mean," said Heinrich. "I do, Teacher." Ivan was standing up in his eagerness. "By doing good

and loving the country."

"Ivan has the idea. We will make a flag of our own, one that we shall love, and of which we shall be very proud. Shall we make it?"

"Yes, yes!" came in a loud chorus.

The teacher reached into her desk and drew out a large white cloth with a square of blue in the upper left-hand corner. She took it out and pinned in on the wall behind her desk.

"And now you boys and girls must help me decide just how we shall go about making our flag," said the teacher when she turned again to face her class.

SUCH AN EXCITING hour as they had deciding what should go into the making of their flag! Together they decided that since the colors stood for purity, truth, honor, courage, and the flag itself stood for brotherhood, only those things should go into the making of their flag. When any one did a kind, brotherly act that cost him something, he was to cut one star and pin it on the square of blue. When one was tempted to say an ugly word or lose his temper, but didn't, he would put in one of the white bars, and when one did something which showed great moral or physical courage he would put in a bar of glowing red.

"Who will be the judge?" asked Martha. "It would be like bragging to tell on ourselves."

"Martha is quite right," said the teacher, "and I am sure no boasting could be part of a true flag. Since no one could tell on himself, I appoint each one of you to watch every other member of the class and tell me all the nice things you see or hear. These we will report to the class, and the class as a whole shall vote as to whether they are worthy of going into our flag."

So the joy of making a flag began. Susie, who didn't like Germans and always passed the German boys and girls with her head held high, was the first one to make a report.

"Teacher, I saw Heinrich give his lunch to a little Italian boy who was crying because he dropped his lunch and a dog ate it."

The class decided that that was a kind and brotherly act, so Heinrich, trembling with joy and excitement, cut the first star and pinned it proudly in a corner of the blue.

Beppo had always been a spitfire, ready to fight every time the older boys teased him or called him a Dago, but he put in the first bar of red when some older boys followed him home calling him "Dago," "scared-cat," and other names, while Beppo only clenched his fists hard and said nothing. The class voted that that took more real courage than all the fighting Beppo had ever done.

Tom, whose anger was easily aroused, and who sometimes let ugly words slip out, put in the first bar of white when Heinrich saw him bite his lips almost until blood came to keep back angry words when he had been accused of doing something he hadn't done at all.

Some bars went in because a boy or a girl told the truth, even when it meant punishment for themselves.

So the flag grew and grew. Sometimes two additions would be made in one day; sometimes days would go by without a star or bar being pinned in place. Better even than the way the flag grew was the way the class was growing. Where once there had been quarreling and malice, and sometimes even fighting, there came to be a spirit of love and kindness. Each boy and girl was watching for the good qualities in the others, and was surprised at how many they found. Then, too, they learned that to be beautiful a city must be clean, so no papers or trash was thrown on the floor, in the playground or in the street. The teacher no longer had to remind them about washing face or hands, for who knew when he might have to cut a white star or bar, and not for the world would he soil it with dirty fingers.

VISITORS TO THE school would never get away without going into 5-B and always before they left must hear the story of the flag. Sometimes it was Heinrich who told it in his halting English, and sometimes Beppo or Ivan, often

Martha or Tom, but the one who told it always left out the part he himself had had in the making, and someone else would have to add it.

No one in all the class watched the growing flag with more joy and pride than Ivan, and no one was happier than he when the class voted him the right to pin on his first star. Each day he looked at the iron holder in his window and wished he had a flag to wave in the breeze, telling the passer-by that a real American lived there. He was saving all the pennies he could spare to buy one, but it took long. He never told anyone of his longing, but just watched with happiness in his heart the growing flag behind the teacher's desk.

At last it was all finished except for one bar of red. Ivan was thinking as he walked home from school how beautiful it looked on the wall back of the teacher's desk. He was walking very slowly and thinking so hard that at first he did not notice an old blind Negro woman hobbling slowly along with a basket on her arm, feeling her way with a stick. Ivan never could tell afterward how it happened. He remembered noticing the old woman just as the heavy truck came dashing around the corner. He ran and pushed her out of the way, but the truck struck him, throwing him down and breaking his leg.

Ivan was in the hospital for a long time. He didn't so much mind the pain, but to miss school and not to see the flag finished, that was hard. When at last he could walk around on crutches the doctor took him home. The very next day Tom and Heinrich came to see him.

"Is the flag finished yet?" Ivan asked, the first thing.

"Friday will be Washington's Birthday, and the teacher says she hopes to have it finished then and have a real celebration," answered Tom.

"I wish I could be there," sighed Ivan.

"Maybe you can," suggested Tom. "Couldn't you go if we help you?"

"No, the doctor says I can't go downstairs for another week," and Ivan sighed again. He couldn't

Lord and Savior, True and Kind

**Lord and Savior, true and kind,
Be the Master of my mind;**

**Bless, and guide, and strengthen
still**

**All the powers of thought and
will.**

**Let Thy gracious presence rule
All I think and speak at school;
Keep me faithful, prompt, and
keen,**

At Thy side, my King unseen.

**Here I train for life's swift race;
Let me do it in Thy grace:
Here I arm me for life's fight;
Let me do it in Thy might.**

**Thou hast made me mind and
soul;**

**I for Thee would use the whole:
Thou hast died that I might live;
All my powers to Thee I give.**

—HANDLEY C. G. MOULE

bear to think of the flag being finished, and the celebration, and his not being there.

Friday morning was bright and beautiful. The sun shone through the window where Ivan sat wishing he could be at school. He was thinking of the stories the teacher had told him about Washington and the first flag, and wondering if their flag had been finished, when there came a knock at the door.

When the door opened who should walk in but the teacher, and behind her Tom and Heinrich, carrying a pole with something soft wrapped around it. At a word from the teacher they shook out the folds, and before Ivan's astonished eyes waved the flag, their flag, and the last red bar was in place.

"Who finished it, Teacher?" Ivan had to swallow hard before he could speak.

"You did, Ivan, and because it was your love for the flag which really gave us the idea of making one we want you to have it."

Tom and Heinrich had already raised the window and were putting the flag in place. Ivan couldn't speak but he reached for his crutches and moved over to stand beside the boys and watch

the precious flag waving in the wind.

Suddenly he heard music; many voices were singing "America." Ivan looked at the teacher, then at Tom and Heinrich. They were all smiling. He moved nearer to the window and looked out. Across the street stood all the rest of 5-B, singing with all their hearts.

When the song was ended they began saying something together, and Tom and Heinrich and the teacher were saying it with them. Ivan listened. It was something the teacher had taught them when they first began making the flag, and Ivan, leaning on his crutches, joined in with them.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color,

A symbol of yourself,

A pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation

My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors.

They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts.

We are all making the flag."

A CUP OF

Snowflakes

A Story by ELEANOR HAMMOND



OH! OH! It's starting to snow!" Janie sang.

A big flake fluttered down and lit on the sleeve of her dark blue coat. Janie looked hard at it. The snowflake looked like a lacy little star.

Janie hurried into the house to show Mother the snowflake that looked like a star.

But oh dear! When Janie reached the living room where Mother was, there was no snowflake on her sleeve. There was only a tiny drop of water.

"Where did my lovely snow star go?" Janie cried.

"It's warm in the house. The warmth turned the snowflake back to water," Mother smiled.

"It looked just like a white star," Janie said.

"Yes, all snow flakes look like lacy stars with six points," Mother said. "Only often they are so small you can't see how beautifully and wonderfully they are made. If you look at them through a reading glass, which makes them look larger, you may be able to see their lovely patterns."

Janie took the big reading glass and hurried out doors again. She looked at the snowflakes that fell on her dark coat. Why, every one was a lacy star. Every one seemed different from every other one, too. How wonderful!

"I'll take some in for Mother to look at," Janie thought.

She found an old cup on the kitchen shelf and filled it with snow and carried it indoors. She and Mother looked at the snowflakes through the reading glass.

Janie set the cup of snowflakes on the kitchen table and went to hang up her coat and cap. After a while she went back to the kitchen and looked at the cup of snowflakes.

But it wasn't a cup full of snowflakes. The cup was only about a quarter full—and what it held was water.

"My snowflakes have turned back to water because it's warm in the kitchen," Janie said. "But there isn't nearly so much water as there was snow!"

"Snow is fluffy and has a lot of air between the lacy flakes," Mother said. "It takes up more room than the water which isn't fluffy and has very little air mixed with it. Now you might set the cup of water outdoors and see what happens."

When Janie looked in the cup

at suppertime there was no water. There was a solid piece of ice in the bottom of the cup.

"First I had snowflakes and then I had water and now I have ice," Janie laughed. "How funny!"

"They look different but they are all made from the same thing," Mother said. "Now look at the teakettle and you will see something else that happens to water."

Janie looked. Little wisps of white steam were rising over the boiling kettle. "They look like little clouds," Janie said.

"They are little clouds," Mother said. "Clouds are water vapor. When the air is warm the water on the ground and in the oceans floats up as vapor and makes clouds."

Janie drew a big breath. "What a wonderful, beautiful world God made for us to live in!" she said.

February Puzzle

By Ollie James Robertson

Two men we always remember during February are George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Here are ten statements, five about each of these famous presidents. Do you know which statements refer to Washington? which to Lincoln?

1. He was a surveyor.
2. He had little schooling.
3. He married Mrs. Martha Custis.
4. His home was at Mount Vernon.
5. He made the Gettysburg Address.
6. He was a famous debater.
7. He defeated Cornwallis.
8. He married Mary Todd.
9. He was assassinated at the Ford Theater.
10. He prayed before going into battle.

Solution

Washington—statements 1, 3, 4, 7, 10.
Lincoln—statements 2, 5, 6, 8, 9.



"I—I missed the bus," she stammered. "I don't know what to do now," she added.

Tomorrow's People...

A Story by ADALINE SCOTT

JULIA WAS pouring cereal into the blue bowls, as Bettie and Janet, seven and eight years old, respectively, squabbled upstairs while getting dressed for school. It was punctuated with shouts of "Mamma!" which she carefully ignored.

Kip, her young husband, lowered his newspaper and popped a few dry kernels of the cereal into his mouth. "They've got good lungs," he observed, grinning.

Julia brought a pitcher of milk to the table and set it down so firmly it spilled over a little. "We'll have to do something about them, Kip," she said.

"Their lungs?" he asked, startled.

Julia shook her head. "Their bringing up. . . ." She paused, thinking about what Mrs. Titus said to her. "It's our fault," she went on, "because we're the sculptors."

"Sculptors!" he echoed puzzled.

"Well, you know, Kip, we're their parents, and we have to mold and shape them into tomorrow's people," Julia explained.

"They're just a couple of lively kids," he said, undisturbed, pouring milk over his cereal. "Time enough for them to grow up."

Julia sighed. "You don't understand." Then taking another slant, "Look at Mrs. Titus' lovely little girl."

Kip gave her a long look instead. "Our two are nice just the way they are," he said more seriously. "Maybe they do need a bit of nipping and pruning here and there. But don't try to make them over into an Alicia Titus, honey. I promise you, they're going to grow up into very fine, happy young ladies."

When the children tumbled into the room at last he was shrugging into his coat. They threw their plump arms around him. And he rumbled them playfully, laughing over their squeals.

Julia tried to visualize Mrs. Titus and her husband playing with their orphaned niece, Alicia. But of course the idea was preposterous. It would, in Mrs. Titus'

opinion, lead to disrespect in the child for its elders. Everything was run on a no-nonsense system in her house. No coddling. No fooling. Her timetable was a strict, daily routine that had its rewards in a beautiful home, good clothes and food, and even a vacation at the shore each summer.

Julia had to admit she'd succeeded with Alicia. She was quiet and polite and obedient. Whenever she accompanied her aunt she was like a tiny, serious grownup. And everybody adored her.

Kip disentangled himself to come over and give Julia a good-by kiss. "Now stop worrying," he chuckled good-naturedly. And she smiled in spite of herself.

The children were at the table chattering gaily, their precious scrap apparently forgotten. Julia listened with half her mind until the voices began to rise again: "Is so!" and, "Is not!"

Julia sharpened her tone for a second. "Girls! I don't want to hear any more wrangling."

Janet slid off her chair and hugged Julia, contritely. And Bettie, not to be outdone, came and kissed her on the elbow. That's the way they were! Lovable and warm and irresistible.

She swooped the two of them against her for an instant. This was wrong. According to Mrs.

Titus she should lecture them sternly. She should set down hard and fast rules right here and now. Yet, one hug and a kiss and she, Julia, melted like putty in their small hands.

They weren't quite ready when the school bus honked outside. They rarely were. There was a wild scramble for wraps and books and lunch boxes.

After they were gone, she looked around at the disordered room. She began to pick up things wearily. A lone sock, Janet's soiled sweater, the remains of a cutout page. . . .

She thought of the Titus house down the block—its neatness, and the precise way Alicia kept her room and things.

Julia sighed. As a mother she was a failure. True, Kip and she took care of the children's physical needs. They wanted for nothing. Only, they were loved and protected too much. As Mrs. Titus explained: "Adjustment to the outside world will come hard to them, later. They'll develop neuroses."

Julia shuddered to think of her two girls with warped minds, unable to cope with life when they grew up. Above all else, she wanted them to be normal and happy.

Yet there was very little she

could draw from her own childhood to guide her in a problem like this. She was brought up in an orphanage after her parents died and no living relatives could be found. And kind as they were to her, it couldn't be compared with a real home. She couldn't turn back the pages of her life and recall that her mother hugged her and her father rumbled her hair playfully, and that in spite of it she'd grown into a well-balanced person. She had to rely on books and the advice of more experienced people.

A TIMID KNOCK on the kitchen door tapped through her thoughts. Julia opened it and stared into Alicia's small, white face.

She put out her hand and drew the youngster inside, and she felt the thin shoulder trembling slightly. "I—I missed the bus," she stammered. "If Auntie finds out. . . . She had a club meeting last night and is sleeping late. And—and I didn't hear the alarm clock by my bed." She added almost inaudibly, "I don't know what to do."

Julia stood motionless for a moment, looking at her pityingly. She could hardly believe it! All the fine lessons in life that Mrs. Titus had given her niece. Yet, it was clear she'd left out the warmth of her affection for Alicia to lean on when she needed understanding. The little one's eyes were frightened and old, and tears seemed to be frozen far back in them. No youngster should feel such panic and desperation over so small a thing as missing a school bus.

Truth came to Julia like a flash of light. Kip was right in believing their two daughters would become fine, happy young ladies, for they had the security of their love to grow on. Why, even in the orphanage she'd had the tenderness of motherly arms and kindly hearts! But Alicia had merely rules.

Julia patted her cheek. "Don't worry, lamb. I'll get you to school in our old car." She leaned forward impulsively and kissed her. And the child looked up at her gratefully.

The Homemaker

So zealously she wields the mop and broom
On polished floors, the hallways and the stair,
The early sunbeams entering each room
Can find no bit of dust or lint still there.
Her cakes and gingerbread are words of art,
Her sparkling jellies are like frozen wine.
In summertime her linens seem a part
Of winter's snow still clinging to the line.
And when at dusk, soft-footed shadows run
Across the hill, her joy is full and sweet,
With loved ones turning home when day is done,
To make the precious circle quite complete.
Within four walls that hold her heart's desire,
She lays her all on love's white altar fire!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

Love, Devotion, Security

(From page 23.)

slowly. Make changes, yes, but not too suddenly and not with confusion. Little children like to know what to expect and what to do next. "We always wash our hands before and after we eat." "We do it this way," they tell their friends, feeling confident that they "know the ropes."

A state of serenity is necessary for a feeling of security. Little children are overstimulated by groups and rooms that are too large, by too many parties, too many people, too much noise, and so on. These things should be avoided in the child's environment and should be replaced by plenty of quiet, rest, and relaxation. Little children need to be taught the art of relaxation (and so do many adults) without sleeping. When an afternoon nap is discontinued, the ten-minute rest period should take its place. During the hurried and "rushy" time of the year, such as the Christmas holidays, parents should pay particular attention to this requirement. Little

children should never be hurried and never overstimulated. Serenity is important for a feeling of security.

WHEN A HOME background of love, devotion, and security has been provided, it helps to prepare the little child for happy experiences in groups of children. This is particularly true of his first attendance at church school. He will enjoy being with others his own age. He will be happy when playing alone and he will enjoy doing things with others. This will not

just happen because his mother said it was "a nice thing to do." It will be because he, himself, is well adjusted. Similarly, his beginning concept of and relationship to God will be colored by his home background. As his experiences broaden and his understanding grows, he will look upon God as the kind Father who plans for the good of his children. It will not be necessary to force it from without in a superficial way. It will be a real beginning for the understanding and appreciation of his later religious life.

Liberty is the only thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others.

William Allen White

"Our Father"

(From page 5.)

or misconduct, if any, are also recalled in the atmosphere of forgiving love, and a prayer of gladness, of being sorry for wrongdoing, and for help in remembering to do the right is reverently spoken. The thought and feeling of the child may be expressed by the parent, or he, himself, may put into his own words what he wishes to say to God. In either event, the language should be concrete and have real meaning for the child. The prayer should specify acts of goodness rather than ask for help in being good. "Dear God, help me to remember to put away my toys," or "Help me to stay in our own yard to play," are examples of this type.

The "God bless Mommie" prayer has little or no meaning for the child. "Bless" is a word which no doubt has been given him by an adult or which he has heard an adult use in prayer. Better for the child to make some special request for Mother, such as, "Thank You, God, for Mommie. Help us all to take good care of her."

The use of form prayers occasionally will aid in familiarizing a child with the vocabulary of prayer. Then, too, oftentimes a form prayer will express the words which the child, himself, would like to say, or

it will stimulate him to voice his own prayer. Books of such prayers are available for use in the home. In choosing them, however, do not allow yourself to be carried away with the beauty or daintiness of the art work. Examine the books from the standpoint of the thought content and the language of the prayers.

Prayers for Little Children and *My Own Book of Prayers* by Mary Alice Jones, also *My Prayer Book* by Margaret Clemens, have been widely used in both the home and church in the prayer development of boys and girls. *Children's Prayers for Every Day* by Jessie Eleanor Moore, may be used with an individual child or in family worship. *A Book of Singing Graces* by Jeanette Perkins Brown is another popular book containing simple graces to be used at mealtime as prayer verse or prayer hymns. The Bible leaflets which the children receive in their Sunday church school often contain prayers or prayer hymns which can be used in the home though the week or on special occasions. Other prayers are found from month to month in the "Worship in the Family With Young Children" section of this publication. Care should be exercised in the use of formal prayers, however, lest praying them becomes more or less the performance of reciting a verse which has been committed to memory.

By

ISAAC K. BECKES

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS have become big business, requiring the support of thousands of young people and the expenditure of millions of dollars. There is hardly a high school in the land that does not boast at least one athletic team, and a very large per cent boasts of two of the big four—football, basketball, track, and baseball. Many support all four.

All of this athletic activity costs money, large sums of money, for trained coaches, for equipment, for stadiums and coliseums, for field officials, to say nothing of the expense to the fans who buy the tickets and the taxpayers who pay the hidden costs.

Mother and Dad, however, are going to feel with some justification that the greatest cost is to their son Bill and his thousands of counterparts across the land who actually play the game. Comparatively few in any one school, they do in aggregate constitute a substantial portion of our finest young manhood.

The “dyed-in-the-wool” football or basketball fan is apt to ask, “What are Pa and Ma griping about? Why shouldn’t he play football? It’s a good clean sport. He has lots of fun at someone else’s expense. Look at all the glory he gets. Gee, what kid wouldn’t want to play?”

Such may represent the viewpoint of the guy who pays “six-bits” for a ticket and then yells his head off for the old home town, but Mother and Dad must consider more discerningly the cost in human life and personality—Bill’s life. Not the least among their problems is the glory Bill may get.

Public acclaim is a fickle thing, particularly in athletics. Athletes who win fame and keep it over a period of twenty or even ten years can almost be counted on your fingers. Professional athletes become quite realistic about public attitude. “Hero today; hobo tomorrow” is a common saying among them.

Bill may taste just enough glory



—Cy LaTour.

Is the Game Worth the

RISK



to confuse his judgment of life's real values. The cheers of the crowd are not easy to forget. When the time comes he may not be able to turn his back on the plaudits from the grandstand. Like many before him, he may make a business of being a local star until it is too late to attain his potential in the business of living. If such is Bill's reaction to the glamour of the game, it will certainly not be worth the cost. Mother and Dad must face this risk to Bill's future.

What four hours a day on the athletic field will do for Bill scholastically poses another serious risk. He will come home each night from practice famished and tired. If he is a top student, Bill will have to drive his weary body to his study in order to hold the pace. If he is an average student those four hours in athletic practice each day may mean that Bill will never develop the disciplined study habits necessary to a really competent engineer, doctor, or minister. Concentration on square root or the American Revolution is not easy when you are fagged out, and almost impossible if your mind is filled with the excitement of a star play or the humiliation of a boner.

If Bill puts in reasonable study hours, the game will leave little time for extracurricular activities. Mother will regretfully watch him put his clarinet away on the top shelf in the closet, for music lessons are out. If Bill is going into law, for instance, Dad may think he should get into the Political Issues Club, but Dad knows very well that one boy can't debate political issues and run through signals on the same Thursday afternoon. Bill will attend church and Sunday school, of course. He may even continue his interest in the youth fellowship, but unless he is unusual, leadership in the youth program of the church will be one of the costs of the game.

There won't be much time for girls either, and the boy is just at the age when he needs to get well acquainted with nice girls. Of course, Bill will have girl friends, as any football hero will, but they will be the kind who always chase

Childless

She knew the agony of Hannah's prayer,
That holy longing for a little son;
She never knew the heights of Hannah's joy—
Yet with the years came larger benison,
As children, lonely and misunderstood,
Claimed, with a smile, her foster motherhood.

—BELLE CHAPMAN MORRILL

heroes in order to share the edge of the spotlight. Mother will be hoping that Bill can find another type of girl. Young people can get tied up in the wrong kind of friendships so easily. The risks in choosing the game are many.

Then, there is always the risk of getting hurt. Surely, the boys will be in good physical condition. Bill, particularly, is a rugged lad. They will be taught how to handle themselves to prevent accidents. The equipment, even in football, gives them substantial protection against serious injury. Just the same, a black eye, a broken arm, or worse, can be expected any time. Mother reads occasionally about a lad who has been seriously injured. She always goes to see Bill play, but the joy of every first down Bill makes is tempered for her by the sickening thud of the tackle that throws him.

DAD IS AWARE of the risks when Bill is out for the team, but usually he is more philosophical about them than Mother. He remembers the fun and good fellowship the boys had back when he was on the team. When Bill says, "If I don't go out for the team I'll be a slacker," Dad understands how important team spirit is to a high school boy.

Often Dad will know the coach personally, and feels that with him the welfare of the boys is more important than winning the game. Under "Coach's" tutelage Bill will complete his high school athletic

career a gentleman. Bill will know the basic elements of good sportsmanship, how to be humble when he wins, how to be gracious when he loses.

"Coach" will teach him how to keep himself in top physical condition, the importance of wise eating and regular rest. Bill will build up physical stamina also. In later years that physical stamina may mean the difference between success and failure. The muscular coordination necessary to athletic skill may result in poise and grace of manner that may make him a far more attractive person.

On the team Bill can learn the essentials of cooperation. You can't have a championship team without the same kind of cooperation that goes into the building of a democratic community or nation.

"Coach" will also teach him the importance of giving the last ounce of energy he has to the game. "Go hard, Bill! Go hard!" will be on "Coach's" lips often as he calls for the utter abandonment in physical drive that gives the star the advantage over the mediocre player. If Bill learns his lesson well, the same drive that pushed across for a touchdown or stretched a single into a double will stand him well in his career.

Even after this analysis the question still stands: Is the game worth the risk? There can be no general answer. Each family must decide on the basis of its experience and the factors involved. Some families, without qualms or hesitancy,

will decide for the game. Emotional bias in other families will rule it out, without serious consideration. Still others will want to weigh the situation carefully before making a decision. What are, then, the factors involved in deciding whether to take the risk?

In the final analysis it's Bill's decision. His future is at stake. Mother and Dad will help him see the issues and face their implications. If there is a fine fellowship, mutual understanding, and common confidence, examining the risks of the game offer another opportunity for family growth.

Perhaps the first major issue is whether Bill really wants to play. If Bill has athletics in his book, if he would rather play than eat, if he has been playing ever since he was big enough to carry a football, well—then only the most clear justification should lead Mother and Dad to try to dissuade him, or they will have a very frustrated young man in their home.

On the other hand, if Bill has never shown much athletic interest or ability through grade school, if he is attracted chiefly by the glamour, or is just keeping up with the Jones boy next door, or if Bill weighs two-hundred ten and the coach is looking for more beef on the line, then the family will need to analyze carefully the risks. The clarinet and the Political Issues Club should be weighed against the game. Extracurricular and church activities may pay more permanent dividends without the risks. A job may be a wiser venture.

IF BILL DOES decide for the game the risks will be lowered if Mother and Dad take an interest in the game. They cannot afford to seem disinterested in an activity that will get as much community attention as football or basketball. Their counsel will be very apt to fall on deaf ears unless they show up for the home games. Their insights in regard to the way the coach handles his men, as to whether the other team was dirty, or the referees were fair, will have value only if Bill knows they were up in the bleachers pulling for him. Parents who come out to share

Bill's victories and defeats will be in a far better position to help keep his feet on the ground and the star dust out of his eyes.

A community where the townspeople exaggerate the importance of the game out of its reasonable significance presents a most serious risk. In such a town the coach will be on the "hot seat" to win, regardless. Bill will not only be pressured to play, but will lose prestige if he doesn't. Here the family will want to think through the risks involved most carefully. Whatever the decision the full support of Mother and Dad are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the boy. The risks are high either way: if he plays or if he doesn't.

Can Bill carry athletics and do creditable work in school? Of course, if Bill is unusually bright or extremely slow the game is not apt to affect his schoolwork much. But most youngsters will need to understand that the quality of work they do in high school will be decisive in later life. The three "R's" are more important than the game.

The final and perhaps the most important factor in making the decision is the coach. Once the favorites in a basketball tournament were beaten by a one-sided score of something like sixty to twenty-eight. Throughout the game the losers, inspired by their coach, berated the referees. After the game the referees received a tongue lashing from the losing coach on the basis that "rotten refereeing" lost the game for him. His team was obviously outplayed, but he gave no tribute to the excellent performance of the winners. No appreciation or congratulations were expressed to the winning coach for his fine leadership.

Such a coach whether driven by the pressure of the community or by his own ambitious will to win is certainly not worth the risk. He lacks objectivity, discipline, a sense of justice, and those gentlemanly qualities which make leaders of men worthy of the respect of others.

Given a fair, clear thinking, hard-hitting, gentlemanly coach, a man who despite the desire to win and the pressure of the crowd

can keep his integrity, a man who believes the game exists for the boys and not the boys for the game, many of the other factors appear less significant.

Mother and Dad can well afford to make the effort to get acquainted with "Coach." To Bill he will in many ways be the most important teacher in the school. Parents will need to find out whether they want to risk their son to his personal care, and if they do such an acquaintance will help make the game a fruitful experience.

After all it is the personal factors in life that are decisive in all situations. These personal factors are largely in the hands of Bill, his parents, and the coach, and it is this trio which ultimately must decide whether the game is worth the risk.

The Horned Toad

(From page 21.)

silence in the room. "I understand now," Brenda murmured at last. "We must find a younger child, Fred, one we can grow along with. Jimmie is Julia's boy, just as much as though he were born to her."

Julia had gone to the sink. Her back to the others, she faced the window shaded by the fig tree. She stood quite still for some time, her hands clutched at her bosom. When finally she turned about, tears glistened in her eyes. She touched the hem of her apron to her cheeks, saying softly, "God will provide. I should never have doubted that."

The kitchen was suddenly flooded with a gay burst of song from the mockingbird. Jimmie broke in abruptly from the porch, bringing the carton of cream. "I put the horned toad under a rosebush," he said happily, then looking at the table, asked, "Can I have some cookies, Aunt Julia?"

"Before supper, Jimmie?" Brenda questioned. "Won't it spoil your appetite?"

"Nothing spoils that," said Julia. "Brenda, sometimes I wonder if eating doesn't just increase a boy's appetite." She smiled as she poured the coffee. "If you want some cookies, Jimmie, go wash your dirty hands."

IMITATION INLAY

An Unusual Craft



IMITATION INLAY is a kind of wood carving that looks like inlaid wood, but is very much easier to do. In real inlay, shapes are cut out from a wooden surface, and bits of thin wood in varied colors are cut to fit these shapes, then glued in, forming a design. This technique, although fascinating, is difficult and only for the talented. But imitation inlay can be done by anyone who is handy with a penknife or other wood-carving tools.

In imitation inlay, separated shapes are cut from the wood, then the shallow holes filled with plastic wood which has been colored with oil paint. It can be applied to all kinds of wooden objects, including

boxes, book-ends, trays, key boards, mounts for calendars or thermometers, facial tissue boxes, hot-dish tiles, frames, waste baskets, checker boards, or even table tops or drawers of dressers, desks or cupboards.

Soft wood or wood with slight grain is suggested for the beginner. Among such woods are basswood, redwood and sugar pine. For small objects, scrap wood may be utilized. A key board like A, or hot-dish tiles like G should be cut and sandpapered before carving. Other articles like tray J, open box C or book ends B are cut and smoothed before carving, but nailed together afterward.

Thickness of wood varies with the purpose. Tiles, key boards,

book ends, frames or checkerboards can be one-half to three-quarters inch thick. Tray bottoms, boxes (C, H or F) and calendar mounts should be one-quarter to three-eighths inch thick. A wastepaper basket should be thick if large, but can be thinner if small. But no wood thinner than one-quarter inch should be used, since it is to be carved.

Create or copy a design on plain paper the exact size of the article or surface to be decorated. Although curved shapes may be used, especially by the experienced carver, straight edges are much easier to cut. Geometrical forms can be combined to make endless patterns, simple or complicated.

Trace the paper pattern to the wooden surface, using carbon paper. Or black the back of the paper with soft lead pencil or crayon. True all traced lines with a ruler.

Carving tools may include only a penknife, but work goes faster if you also have a gouge, a wood-carving tool purchased at an art-supply or hardware store. A U-gouge is preferable, one-eighth inch in size, but a V-gouge will do. If you cannot purchase one, make one with a small steel pen or a crow-quill drawing pen. Insert the pen into the holder, point first, far enough to be solid. Sharpen the circular or U-shaped end on a nail file or other file. Figure L shows a crow-quill gouge.

Begin cutting the design with a sharp penknife, running it against the metal edge of a six-inch ruler. Cut straight down, not at an angle. Cut an outline around all parts of the design. Cut to the depth of one-sixteenth to one-eighth inch.

When each part of a design is outlined, begin to dig out the wood inside the outline. A penknife can be used, but a gouge is more efficient. See figure M. Lift out bits of wood. Take care in digging near the cut edge, not to mar the sharp clean line. If you do miscut, damage can be repaired later by patching with uncolored plastic wood. But try to avoid mistakes. Scoop out the wood to form a hole one-sixteenth to one-eighth inch deep, depending on the thickness of your wood. Depth need not be perfectly uniform, but keep it as nearly so as possible.

WHEN ALL OF the design is scooped out, the depressions are filled with colored plastic wood. One or more colors may be introduced into different parts of the pattern. If the article is small and the design not large, one-half teaspoonful of plastic wood will be enough. Put it in an old saucer or tin-pan lid and mix with oil paint from can or tube. Add very little color at a time, until the desired shade is obtained. But remember that it will dry one or two

degrees lighter, so make it darker than you wish the final tone to be.

Press the colored plastic wood into the carved depressions, adding very little at a time with a knife blade. Push it well in, and pack it solidly. Smooth the top, just a trifle higher than the surrounding wood. This allows for slight shrinkage when plastic wood dries. Apply all of one color, then if you use another color, mix and lay that in. When two colors touch, as the border and squares of the checkerboard, cut out and fill in one color. After the plastic wood is hard, cut away background wood for the other color, then fill.

Variation in effect is obtained by staining the background wood after carving, but before filling with plastic wood. This stain can be light, as a pastel tint produced by mixing oil paint with turpentine, or it can be dark, as walnut, mahogany or ebony. In any case, colors of background and plastic wood should contrast sharply. If the background is light, make the plastic wood inlay dark. If the background is dark, make the inlay design light or very bright.

But the effect is still interesting if background wood is left in natural color. This makes finishing easier, since sometimes it is necessary to sandpaper the plastic wood filler, as when it dries rough or above the level of the background. Sandpapering lightens the color, but it can be restored by brushing the spot with turpentine. When the background has been stained, sandpapering of plastic wood inlay must be done very cautiously. A final finish to all articles can be white shellac, wax or colorless varnish, any of which helps to protect the surface.

The articles illustrated make attractive and practical gifts for various occasions. Tiles like G are easy for the beginner to make. The large size should be six to eight inches square, and the small one, which can also be made of thinner wood and in sets for beverage coasters, should be four to five inches square. Key board A can

be from eight to ten inches long. A similar board, but larger, is useful for kitchen utensils.

Book ends like B are six inches square and nailed to a tin base. Boxes C and H can be any size desired. A facial-tissue box must be standard size, or five by ten inches, inside measurements, and two to three inches high. The checkerboard can be a small portable six-inch size or a big twelve to eighteen-inch job. The wastepaper basket can be a small one for a desk top, six or eight inches high, or a large floor variety measuring ten to fourteen inches. Frames can be any dimension and proportion. The front surface need not be absolutely flat molding, but should have enough flat surface to make carving easy. Calendar and thermometer mounts, not illustrated, are made of small oblongs of wood with back standards, or screw eyes for hanging.

Patterns shown for copying are cc (figure C), kk (figures K and B) and hh and h (figure H). In making pattern kk, first draw a plain cone on a stem, then cut in teeth, for branches.

Heart-to-Heart Questions

"Oh, may I be your Valentine?"

Such questions make me sigh.

But the one that worries me is this:

Whose Valentine am I?

—MARY SHIRK

Concentration on Molly

(From page 9.)

haphazard beds around the house and chicken house. There were even flowers growing between the potato rows in the garden. Grandpa thought a flower should be planted where it would grow best, and not where it would look prettiest. "It's pretty no matter where you plant it!" was Grandpa's theory.

Peter sighed. He wished Mrs. Winton Brockway would hurry up and call on Molly so they could be a family again. It was lonely, trying to be somebody else, somebody sober and sensible instead of the happy-to-be-together Dorns!

Seeing Alice and Patsy practicing rope jumping with one end of Patsy's rope tied to a porch post, Peter started to crawl out of his hiding place. It would be easier for Patsy if two people held the ends of the turning rope.

But what would Mrs. Winton Brockway think if she should come upon a great, long-legged boy playing at "jump rope"? Peter's face flushed.

Peter whistled at his sisters and slid back far enough to lean against the solid trunk of the elm. When they lifted a branch to slide through, he shared his carrots.

Staring at each other, the three sat crunching the cool, sweet vegetables.

"Well," Alice sighed, after finishing her first carrot, "what are we going to do about it? Molly just has to have that scholarship, she wants it so badly! We could help her, you know, Peter!"

Remembering the new beach suit Molly had sacrificed in order that her brother might attend Scout camp, Peter nodded, and Patsy jumped up. "Me, too!" she offered sociably.

Solemnly the three younger Dorns shook hands in the cool, green cave under the elm tree, agreeing to help Molly earn her scholarship.

THEY LIVED up to their agreement. Peter was a model of deportment. He remembered to say "please" and "thank you" and

"excuse me." His clothes were picked up. He brushed his hair so that he almost conquered the rooster's tail which waved on the crown of his red head. He mowed the big lawn and weeded the garden, and remembered to keep his socks pulled up straight. But he was so intent on the results he wanted, he forgot to smile his easy, lopsided grin, and not one "rhyme" was added to the well-worn notebook he kept in the box under the elm tree.

Patsy submitted to having her hair curled and her clothing changed twice each day. She was so afraid she would forget to put away her toys, she left them in the box. Most of the time she sat on the front porch, ruffled, starched, and shining, and watched Betty-Next-Door in faded overalls skip with her "jump rope."

Alice went through the house a dozen times a day, picking up misplaced articles, changing and rearranging the old furniture and knickknacks with a worried pucker between her finely arched brows.

Mother was up extra early each morning, trying to get her work done before noon, so that she could spend the afternoons with her embroidery in the living room where the shades were drawn to shut out summer sunlight. She stayed there dutifully trying to relax, while her mind whirled with the things she wanted to be doing in the yard and garden. She encouraged Alice to join her, thinking the girl could practice for the recital; but Alice hovered about the kitchen, keeping a refreshment tray prepared at all times for the arrival of Mrs. Winton Brockway.

Even Grandpa "cooperated." No matter how hot it was, he remembered to keep his shoes on and knotted a tie at his wrinkled throat each morning. Humming-birds probed the throats of the larkspur. The sweet peas on their wire frame near the chicken yard scented the whole garden. Nasturtiums tumbled in colorful disorder along the garden walk. There was so much to do among the flowers, so many thoughts to straighten out while digging in the earth and breathing in the heady mingled odors of a dozen different

flowers. But, Grandpa accepted a magazine like one Molly had seen displayed on Mrs. Winton Brockway's coffee table and sat rocking on the porch each afternoon.

Boys and girls of the neighborhood, accustomed to the rollicking laughter of the Dorn household, after a few stiff visits forgot to include Alice and Peter and Molly in their swimming, hiking, beach fires, and sailing. Grandpa's crony, Betty-Next-Door's great-uncle, snorted at the old man's "high-brow" magazine and hobbled off to the park to "remember" in the sunshine.

Uncle Tom, the favorite among Mother's brothers and sisters, came to visit while the Dorns were "helping Molly."

"Visiting you is like trying to live with a family of puppets! What's going on here?" he snorted. He listened intently while his sister, Martha, explained. He kept his eyes on Molly's strained face. The girl was pretty, and she was smart. It took an intelligent girl to lead the honor roll of her class, and work part time in the neighborhood grocery store at the same time. But what had happened to her? No a hair was out of place. Not a wrinkle marred the summer linen she wore. Her hands were folded in her lap, just so, with the nails gleaming pinkly. She was always tidy—but what was it made her look so different?

Uncle Tom scowled from under bushy blond brows. Her mouth. That was it! Usually responsive to every change of thought or emotion, it was a stiff, straight, determined red line in her face.

Shaking a plump finger in Molly's direction, Uncle Tom burst out, "Young lady, you listen to me! You're being selfish about this thing! Sure we want to see you get ahead in the world. We want you to get a fine education, but you just tell me, what is education?"

Molly stammered, and Martha Dorn tried to soothe her brother's ruffled temper.

Uncle Tom barked, "Just look in the dictionary if you think I'm wrong. Education is the systematic training of the moral and intellectual faculties. If you're sys-

tematic you follow certain rules, don't you? Well, Molly Dorn, when has your mother failed in training you, day after day, never thinking of herself? She has set you the highest moral example, and with Grandpa's help has allowed you to go to school when a weaker woman would have made you find a job to help support half-orphaned children! Molly, if you'll just straighten out that muddled thinking of yours, you'll find you're a very well-educated person without the help of any Mrs. Winton Brockway. Humph!" He wagged his head and stared fiercely at the niece who could twist his heart around her smallest finger. "Upsetting the whole house for a stranger!"

Molly burst into tears and rushed from the room. Lying flat on her own narrow bed under the sloping ceiling of her room, she sobbed until her handkerchief was useless. It seemed to her that tears had been her main response to every situation for the last two weeks. Was winning that scholarship worth the price she was paying? There were other ways to arrange to go to school.

She lay still and listened. Not one snatch of music, or laughter, or busy, happy activity could be heard either inside or outside the house. Suddenly she realized that she was not the one paying the price. It was being paid by those who loved her—Mother, Grandpa, Alice, Peter, and even little Patsy. But what could she do? She wanted that scholarship so much, and Mrs. Brockway stressed the importance of the home environment.

Molly lay there for a long time, thinking. Then, while she could still hear Uncle Tom talking to Mother in the living room, she silently crept down to the kitchen and began preparing the simple meal. Peter liked hot rhubarb pie. He had been a dear, trying to become a storybook brother overnight. Molly broke long, pink-tipped stalks from the rhubarb bed. She threw the huge leaves in a heap by the washtub in the back yard where Patsy had played before "helping Molly." Molly snapped a fingernail, and got

smudges on her knees from kneeling on damp earth.

Running around the corner of the house, Molly swung her small sister from her perch on the porch step.

"Off with those ruffles!" Molly commanded. "Where's your sun suit? There are some rhubarb leaves just right for making sailboats in the big tub. Scoot!"

While Molly peeled potatoes for soup, Peter appeared at the back door. After one look at his sister, he whooped his happy amazement and awkwardly pranced about the kitchen, hugging Molly. A cup of flour Molly had measured for thickening the soup upset from the edge of the table just as Patsy came down the back stairs, buttoning herself into her sun suit. She discovered the flour and dropped on her knees to dip both hands into it. It felt smooth and soft. She sat flat on the floor and began patting cheeks and knees with the flour.

Grandpa came to the door and while he watched, took off his tie and stuffed it into his pocket. Breathing easily, he stooped and began untying his shoes. His feet were hot, and they had not had a chance to cool off in three days.

The commotion brought Mother, Uncle Tom, and Alice through the dining room to the kitchen door. Alice took one look over Uncle Tom's shoulder and rushed to the piano and began a merry glatter on one-half a piano duet. They still had four days. The Dorn sisters could still play in the recital!

NO ONE heard the knock on the front door. The doorbell had not worked since Peter had tried to mend it a year ago. Patsy, who had darted out to find her precious "jump rope," found a puzzled visitor just leaving the porch. She brought her around to the back door, chattering happily.

"Company!" Patsy called. "She says her name is Mrs. Brockway!"

Aghast, the Dorns looked at each other, then all eyes concentrated on Molly. What had they done to her? Just an hour ago everything had been quiet and orderly, just the sort of home an award winner

Childish Candor

When a testing mother, after her first grader had announced that school was out on Washington's birthday, asked her son to tell more about the hero, he replied, "I don't know him. He isn't in my room."

—FRANCES BROWN

would have for a background. But now—!

Molly looked from one member of her family to the other, and her chin went up. This was her family. She loved every one of them, and playing was no sin. If a moment's hilarity cost a scholarship, Mrs. Brockway could keep it for somebody else who did not know how precious laughter was.

Skirting the puddle of flour, Molly crossed the room and held out her hand, inviting Mrs. Brockway in. Peter stumbled over his own feet when he pulled a chair from the table, but his crooked grin was sincere and warm. For a breathless moment nobody said a word, then Grandpa asked her if she would like to see his zinnias.

"They're in the potato patch!" he said conversationally. "'Course, some people think they ought to be in a proper bed, but I find they grow better in the soil out there!"

Mrs. Brockway smiled across at the old man. "I'm sure your zinnias are lovely!" she agreed. "And I'll certainly see them before I go!" She accepted the glass of cold milk Martha Dorn offered, and gravely chose a cookie from the plate Patsy held up. She discussed the news with Uncle Tom, and asked Alice about the recital. No one mentioned the coveted scholarship, although, when Mrs. Brockway went to the garden with Grandpa, Mother laid her hand on Molly's and squeezed it. Molly's lip trembled, but she whispered back, "Never mind, Mother! I

(Continued on page 41.)

Family Counselors



**Dorothy
Faust**



**Elizabeth
N. Jones**

their good spirits. After all, we were all young once, and probably you yourself played in the same way. I know I did!

E. N. J.

Question: I am an expectant mother. I am a college graduate and met my husband in college. We both are trying to take our marriage seriously, and probably for that reason are very happy. Since I am pregnant our minds are turned to a new responsibility we feel inadequately prepared to face. Looking around we see children just "grow up" in spite of their environment. It makes us wonder what they could be with parent cooperation. Would you tell us what you believe parents should try to do for their children.

Answer: The worst mistakes made today are by parents who are not only working toward wrong goals in marriage and home life but who have no idea that they should even have a goal.

What a joy it is to see parents who plan to go forward and intelligently assume the responsibilities that are rightly theirs. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." When God is placed first, all other things fall into their proper categories.

Look in a mirror and study what your reflection reveals. Then know that your child, to a great extent, will reflect those ideas and ideals. Demonstrate for your child those principles you wish to be guiding influences. A good parent will say, "You can do anything you have ever seen me do." In other words, I am trying to tell you that your child is going to learn far more from what you are than from what you say. For example: If you stay home and send him to church, he will go saying to himself, "Some day I will be as big as Dad or

Mother; then I won't go." If you are slouchy or grouchy in your home, you are telling him how to act when his own home is set up. But, if there is love, kindness, and respect for each individual, your boy or girl will feel a responsibility for not marring the family record. Only harm comes from punishing a child for following in a parent's footsteps.

Be willing to sacrifice if necessary "so called" pleasures you believe you can keep under control, lest you lead your children after you, and they come to wreck and crack-up," on the rock on which they danced.

How comforting it is to know that God as our parent offers help and protection provable and perpetual to meet all our needs if we but ask and then listen for guidance.

D. F.

Question: My daughter's class in Sunday school has been studying the miracles of Jesus, and like many modern children she says she simply cannot believe such things. What can I do?

Answer: Of course, this is a matter of theology and must be answered in the light of your own convictions. However, as you say, most modern children come to a point where they question things they cannot understand. It would probably help your daughter to look for similar miracles today (and there are so many), the miracle of television, of radio, the miracles of new drugs which cure countless diseases now, the miracles performed by psychiatry. If we today can understand natural laws to perform such miracles, why wonder that Jesus himself could do likewise?

Incidentally, what a wonderful opportunity you will have at a time like this for family worship. Through discussion, Bible study and prayer, you could all come to a renewed realization of God's power and love, and truly have one of the mountaintop experiences that can mean so much in the life of a family.

E. N. J.

Question: The boys and girls in our neighborhood bother us every evening by their loud talking and laughing. There is a whole gang of them, and they play ball, or hide-and-seek, and run up and down until we are nearly crazy. Should I call the police?

Answer: I would call the police only as a last resort. Most parents are willing to cooperate with the neighbors. Talk it over in a calm way with the parents of the children who bother you.

I've found that children love to "pick on" the couple in the neighborhood who complain too much. If you could make friends with the children, perhaps handing out a plate of cookies sometimes, they will go out of their way not to bother you. Sometimes, too, people whose children are grown or who have no children, forget that children are naturally noisy and active. To constantly curb that activity can introduce greater problems than the noise. As long as there is no damage to property and the children don't keep up the noise too late in the evening, I'd try to be understanding.

Perhaps you need a physical checkup to be sure you're not overnervous. If the noise gets too great, put plugs in your ears or turn on the radio. Better yet, go out on your porch with a smile on your face and envy the children

Concentration on Molly

(From page 39.)

like us the way we are! I'll find some other way to go to school."

Molly became restless when Grandpa failed to bring Mrs. Brockway back from the garden. She wandered into the back yard and sat on the grass beside Patsy's tub, watching the child push the big rhubarb leaves around for boats. She looked back at the house. After all the work, and all the days of tiptoeing, Mrs. Brockway had not even entered the house through the front door.

Molly swallowed a big lump in her throat. She arranged a smile for Mrs. Brockway's benefit when she saw Grandpa push aside the loaded branches of the prune tree. She stood up, telling herself that she did not mind having lost the scholarship, although she knew in

a hidden secret part of her mind that she did care, that she had wanted it more than anything in her whole life. But she did not want the natural happiness of her family drained away to pay for it.

Tears brightened her eyes as she held out her hand to say goody-by to her caller. There was such a pounding in her ears, she almost missed the meaning of Mrs. Brockway's words.

"Tell her thank you, Molly!" Grandpa urged. "Molly, girl, she thinks you are fine scholarship material!"

"My committee puts so much stress on home environment," Mrs. Brockway said, "I have found myself at a loss a dozen times this summer. I have interviewed more than a dozen girls without finding such a wholesome atmosphere as I have found here this afternoon.

I think Grandpa Dorn and his daughter know how to raise more than zinnias! Anybody with sense enough to put his flowers where they will grow best, even though it is in the middle of a potato patch, knows how to nourish a life. Molly Dorn, you don't know how lucky you are!"

Molly stammered, "Thank you!"

She could see Peter hanging up the dripping bathing suits he had just rinsed, readying them for tomorrow's swim. Alice sat on the back porch mending her blouse for the recital, and Patsy, tired of her leaf boats, was absorbed in the exacting effort required to swing her own rope and skip it.

Molly said, "Thank you!" again, more quietly.

To Grandpa, who knew her so well, the words had the sound of a prayer.

Valentine Puzzle

By Alfred I. Tooke

Start at the large "S" then take every seventh letter until you have used them all and you will have a Valentine message from 1 Peter 3:15.



Answer:

Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts. 1 Peter 3:15.

An American In Rhyme

By Ruth May Knell

If you solve this rhyme correctly, you'll find that the letters when combined will give you the name of a great patriot.

1. My first is in WISH but not in DESIRE.
2. My second's in FLAME but not in FIRE.
3. My third is in STONE but not in JEWEL.
4. My fourth in HAMMER but not in TOOL.
5. My fifth is in ICE but not in FREEZE.
6. My sixth is in WIND but not in BREEZE.
7. My seventh's in GAME but not in PLAY.
8. My eighth is in STRAW but not in HAY.
9. My ninth is in SOUP but not in STEW.
10. My tenth is in HINT but not in CLUE.

Answer:

N	10.	I	5.
O	9.	H	4.
L	8.	S	3.
G	7.	A	2.
N	6.	W	1.



Books for the Hearth Side

Simon & Schuster has introduced a new type of Golden Book. It is the **Golden Story Book**, designed for children from 7 to 10 years of age. Slightly smaller in size than the Little Golden Books, though containing 128 pages, these books sell for 25 cents each. The paper and binding are poorer than that of the Little Golden Books. It is impossible to open one so it will lie flat. Once it has been opened for reading, the covers do not close tightly. However, in content these books include some of the old familiar and well-loved stories, and some delightful new ones. There are ten in the series thus far, and more will be added from time to time. The ten titles are: **Herbert's Zoo and Other Lively Tales**; **The Magic Wish** by Elsa Ruth Nast, illustrated by Corinne Malvern; **Christopher Bunny** by Jane Werner, illustrated by Ricard Scarry; **The Boss of the Barnyard** by Joan Hubbard, pictures by Richard Scarry; **The Stagecoach Robbery** by Peter Archer, pictures by Beth and Joe Krush; **Train Stories** by Robert Garfield and Jessie Knittle, illustrated by Tibor Gergely; **Mystery in Disneyville**; **Circus Stories** by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, illustrated by Charles Martin; **The Penny Puppy** by Robert Garfield, pictures by Aurelius Battaglia, and **Bugs Bunny's Treasure Hunt**.

Children who are interested in bird study, or families who wish to develop such a hobby will welcome **How to Know the Birds** by Roger Peterson (Houghton Mifflin, 144 pages, \$2.00). This is a beginner's guide, profusely illustrated with line drawings, silhouettes and color plates. It points out short cuts in learning to identify birds. It will be a boon to all those interested in knowing more about the birds they see every day.

A different type of children's dictionary is the **Golden Book of Words** by Jane Werner (Simon & Schuster, 78 pages, \$1.00). Cornelius DeWitt has drawn the pictures that show what the words are. These pictures are arranged around the edges of the pages. A story using the words is in the center of the page. Beginning readers will find this book helpful.

Factory Kitty, by Helen Hoke (Franklin Watts, Inc., unpagged, \$2.00), is the story of a Calico Cat. His experiences in a dye factory, how he gets lost and finds the factory again, makes a thrilling tale for children. The pictures by Harry Lees will add to the child's understanding of the words and his interest in the story.

Fresh and original is the story of **Serena and the Cookie Lady**, by Grace Klem (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 32 pages, \$1.25). The old lady and her cat lived together happily until money in the china hen on the mantelpiece ran low. Then the Cookie Lady became sad, and that worried Serena. So Serena went into action. Exciting things began to happen, soon the china hen was full to overflowing, and once again life was happy for Serena and the Cookie Lady.

The Wonderful Plane Ride, by R. C. Weir, with pictures by Fiore and Jackie Mastri (Rand McNally, unpagged, 25 cents), explains what it is like to take an airplane ride, what the plane is like, the airport, the journey, and the landing. Children who have had this experience will relive it as they read the book. Children who have not, will have the vicarious thrill as they read about the trip two children made.

A charming picture of family and community life of the 1890's is found in Myrtle Crist Porter's **Little Red Hummy** (Brethren Publishing House, 78 pages, \$1.25). The joys and adventures of pioneer days as well as their hardships and difficulties, are vividly portrayed. Boys and girls who read **Little Red Hummy** will have appreciation for the religious principles which make a difference in individual home and community life. The end papers are a map of the community.

Children who are curious about their world, how time is counted, about the past, present and future, will find the answers to many of their questions in **The Story of Our Calendar**, by Ruth Brindze (Vanguard Press, 64 pages, \$2.50). This fascinating story, with the excellent pictures by Helene Carter, is full of interest and information for junior boys and girls.

Four books which juniors will enjoy are **The Green Ginger Jar**, by Clara Ingram Judson (Houghton-Mifflin, 212 pages, \$2.50); **Island Summer** by Hazel Wilson (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 176 pages, \$2.00); **The Canvas Castle**, by Alice Rogers Hager (Julian Messner, 180 pages, \$2.50); and **Melindy's Happy Summer**, by Georgene Faulkner (Julian Messner, 182 pages, \$2.50).

The Green Ginger Jar is a story of Chicago's Chinatown, where the valuable ginger jar is given as a gift. The search for it, the fun and troubles of Lu Chen, the festivals of Chinatown, make this an engrossing tale. How the jar is found, and the happy results will satisfy all its readers.

Island Summer tells of all the exciting things that happen to a family from Colorado as they spend their vacation on a Maine Coast. This story is so real one can almost smell the ocean spray and feel the caress of wet sand on bare feet.

The Canvas Castle is the story of a wonderful year one family spends in California. Maidie's choice between happiness for herself and happiness for the entire family is the story of a little girl growing up and learning that real happiness is found in family solidarity.

Melindy's Happy Summer is based on a real incident—the summer vacation exchange of Negro children from big cities with white children from the country. How Melindy overcomes her fear of the farm animals; saves Baby Peggy from drowning; learns what fun farm life can be; and earns the love of everyone makes an exciting story.

Boys and girls will read and reread all these books and love them as favorites.

Read Me Another Story, compiled by the Child Study Association of America (Thomas Y. Crowell, 162 pages, \$2.00) is a discriminating collection of stories about the things which most interest young children. Humor and fantasy are here, too, as much of the child's world as the one he meets and sees every day. These are modern stories. A few traditional verses, which have seemed to belong to children of all times, are also included in this book.

Weed of Selfishness

The noxious weed of selfishness
Grows in the heart from day to day,
And soon the tender plant of love
Is choked and withered quite away.

As keepers of the heart we must
Exterminate it branch and root,
Since certain harvest time will come
And we must eat its bitter fruit.

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

No Word Is Lost

No spoken word is ever wholly lost—
Each finds a lodging in the human heart,
A harsh word bears a bitter fruit that makes
The lips to tremble and the tears to start.

But gentle words will bear a gracious fruit
Far sweeter than is honey on the tongue,
And they are root and bloom since dawn of time,
Of songs the shining angel-hosts have sung!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

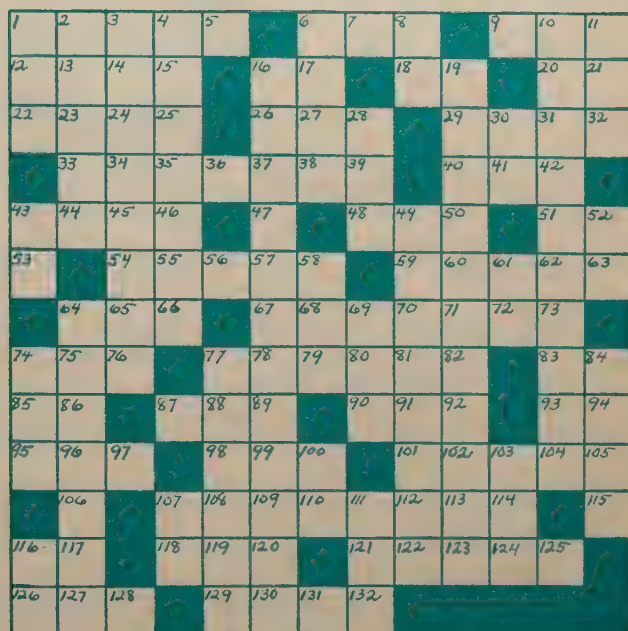
Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| A. Man who built the Ark ----- | 124 119 106 122 |
| B. A blast on a horn ----- | 121 126 102 108 |
| C. Wished for, desired ----- | 127 87 90 70 113 48 |
| D. A small horse ----- | 77 98 111 50 |
| E. An attendant, one who waits on table ----- | 43 110 123 104 72 109 |
| F. Helper, one who assists ----- | 115 130 117 125 78 |
| G. Four quarts ----- | 58 45 64 129 60 40 |
| H. The cry of a wild goose ----- | 105 91 128 33 |
| I. The Lone Ranger's Indian friend ----- | 120 69 88 83 27 |
| J. Had in mind, intended ----- | 101 97 79 100 66 |
| K. The tomb of a saint or other sacred person ----- | 132 94 114 95 76 37 |
| L. A blow or knock, as with something heavy ----- | 92 71 32 74 131 |
| M. An elaborate meal, a banquet ----- | 15 86 75 81 93 |
| N. An idea, or whim ----- | 116 35 62 56 41 118 |
| O. Valuable, having worth ----- | 36 24 28 46 84 11 |
| P. The most popular book ----- | 54 80 1 14 65 |



(For solution see page 46.)

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| Q. Many times, frequently ----- | 31 17 42 85 96 |
| R. Shelter or housing for aircraft -- | 10 52 57 112 3 23 |
| S. Violent, pertaining to a storm --- | 38 18 21 22 51 53 |
| T. Village ----- | 39 16 25 68 |
| U. To beat, flog ----- | 29 63 55 67 107 30 |
| V. The seat or chair on which a King sits ----- | 9 44 61 2 34 82 |
| W. Renowned ----- | 59 47 20 7 103 12 |
| X. The foremost part of anything, the van ----- | 26 73 19 6 5 |
| Y. Squandered, spent carelessly ---- | 99 49 4 8 13 89 |

What the Churches Are Doing in

Family Life

By
**JOSEPH
JOHN
HANSON**



MANY LOCAL church boards of Christian education are beginning to devote more consideration to programs that strengthen and enrich family life. Some churches now have a subcommittee on home-church cooperation which makes regular reports and recommendations to the Board of Christian Education through the adult committee. This subcommittee is composed of parents who are willing to devote thought and energy to the achievement of better home-church relations. More and more time is being spent in discussing visitation techniques, parent-teacher programs, and the use of lesson materials at home. And, new groups of parents are emerging for the purpose of sharing experiences, solving common problems, and of discovering how to apply Christian standards in family relations.

Workers' Conferences

During this past year a good percentage of our churches held monthly workers' conferences on themes related to "Home and Church School in Cooperation." Such conferences made it possible for teachers to study such subjects as "Planning for Home Visitation," "The Influence of the Home on the Pupil," and "Christmas in the Home." In addition, joint meetings of parents and teachers were held to discuss "What Parents and Teachers Have a Right to Expect of Each Other," "Winning the Pupil: A Partnership," and "The Right Relationship Between the Home and the Church School."

Study Courses

Special problems of home and family life are being dealt with in some of our churches through short-term

study courses. A number of good books are used in these informal meetings, all of which are relatively inexpensive, such as:

Our Little Child Faces Life. Odell. 50 cents.
Our Family Grows Toward God. Odell. 50 cents.
Toward a Christian Home. Sly. 50 cents.
The Faith of Our Children. Jones. \$1.50.
Opening the Door for God. Jones. \$1.50.

These books are sometimes used during the Lenten season when special emphasis is placed upon spiritual development and growth in Christian living.

Your Church Can Do This

Mrs. Rebecca R. Brooks recently described in our Harbinger publication some of the significant emphases in teacher-parent-child relations that have been sponsored by the Kindergarten Department of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Chester, Pennsylvania, as follows:

"Every three months we make up a booklet to send to the parents. Our superintendent writes a letter to the parents explaining the work we plan to do for the quarter. The booklet includes a letter, the 'Message to Parents,' the words of the songs we shall use for this period, the memory verses to be learned, and other prayers or table graces which we expect to teach. Sometimes we include the words to finger-play exercises if they are to be used for this quarter. Our children paste the colored pictures on the covers and thus have a part in making them.

"For Mother's Day last year we sent home invitations the Sunday preceding, asking the mothers to attend Sunday school on that day with their child. This was a tremendous success. We had about twenty mothers and twenty-five children. A couple of grandmothers had to come as substitutes because of pressure from the children.

"As the mothers took their places, their own child gave them a corsage of lilies of the valley and a small program. The teachers were present early and tied a few lilies together on a couple of leaves, no real expense, thanks to the Andrews' garden but, oh, how much those flowers meant to the mothers!

"We had our order of service written on a piece of paper enclosed in a cover of construction paper.

We sang several appropriate songs and changed words of our Welcome Song from Holy Day to Mother's Day. Each mother received a bookmark at the close of the session.

"For Father's Day, we again sent home invitations asking the fathers to accompany their child to Sunday school. While the attendance was not as good as on Mother's Day, we felt it was very encouraging and worthwhile. We used the same idea for a program and let the children decorate the outside of the folder.

"As a remembrance for fathers, one of our teachers

had taken each child's picture and had enclosed it in a little folder which the children made from construction paper. Imagine the surprised look on the faces of those fathers when they opened the folder and found their own son or daughter smiling at them! Not one child had given away our secret.

"A year ago we observed Valentine Day by presenting our pastor and wife with two pounds of candy in a heart-shaped box. Each child's name was written on a small heart, attached to red ribbon, and in turn attached to the top of the box.

Spiritual Foundations for Better Homes

(From page 3.)

more adequate understanding of these great commandments. Home life cannot be satisfactorily established without reverence for God and human personality. Two of the greatest wars in history have shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that all of the fine things of cultural and scientific discovery can, and will, perish unless mankind learns to obey these commandments. The first and most important place to teach this lesson is in the home.

A close partnership between the home and the church cannot be maintained if parents are indifferent toward that which the church is trying to accomplish. When parents think of the many plague spots in society and the sources of irritation which spring up in family life, then they should be more inclined to give time and effort to the one agency which seeks to erase the plague spots and do away with the irritations.

We cannot logically expect the public schools to take over and perform the task which rightly belongs to every home—that of building strong spiritual foundations for America's children. They can help, but the primary task is one which the church and the home must assume. Nor should parents make the mistake of thinking that they can turn the task over to the churches and expect it to be done without their co-operation and interest. Christian education in the church is a voluntary responsibility. It demands time and the expenditure of energy and wealth. If

the educational program of the church does not measure up to what you expect or want it to do for childhood and youth, you must remember that it is your responsibility to see that greater progress is made.

The importance of building strong spiritual foundations in American home life cannot be minimized. We may support vast

armies to create a strong defense against aggressors. Our material resources may be the richest and most accessible in the world. We may develop a high rate of literacy and good health among the people of the land. Yet all of these will be "one with Nineveh and Tyre" unless we insure the future character of our people by strengthening our spiritual foundations now.

Parents: Can You "Match Time" to the Teacher?

Some years ago a well-known Sunday school worker estimated the time spent by the average teacher in preparing and teaching a Bible lesson to your boy or girl in the church school to be one hundred and fifty hours a year. This does not include the time spent in attending the opening service of the school, in attending teachers' or faculty meetings, nor time consumed going and coming from the church. All this time might have been spent in gainful occupation, in rest, or in recreation. Yet the faithful teacher receives no financial recompense for this outlay of time and effort. Rather he is subject to adverse criticism from parents who are not satisfied with what is being done for their children.

There is another side to the picture. Let every parent consider this. Is he willing to "match time," or give the income from that time, to furthering the work of the church school? Does the average parent spend as much as one hundred and fifty hours per year in preparing to teach or lead his own child? If a teacher is willing to do this for a child not his own, should not the parents of the child be willing to do as much?

By ELIZABETH WILLIAMS SUDLOW

STUDY GUIDE

on "Hearthstone in Your Home"

I. Report on the Article

Before the meeting the leader should choose three parents of children in varying age groups to present the report: 1) a parent of a pre-school child; 2) a parent of a 6-12 year old; and 3) a parent of an adolescent.

These parents should be prepared to discuss briefly the sections applying to their age group, and to have in mind definite articles from recent issues of *Hearthstone* which might apply to a problem arising in their own homes. These articles should illustrate some point in the study article, such as discipline, guidance, understanding of child's problems, etc. It would be more helpful if a definite situation and its treatment could be discussed by the parent.

II. Guiding Principles for Different Age Groups.

In a brief talk of about 10-15 minutes the leader should present the principles and sections of *Hearthstone* which deal with the various age groups, to add to and emphasize the information given by the parents in their reports.

For instance, in the pre-school group, 1-5, he could mention the articles on health influencing good behavior; how to deal with questions about God; ways of increasing the child's understanding of the problems of life; and the fact that the affection of the parent toward the child prevents later complications of mental and physical health, etc. All illustrations should come from recent issues of *Hearthstone*, so the foregoing points may be changed to fit the table of contents.

In the 6-12 year group the child's activities increase in variety and intensity, needing guidance such as that found in the sections "Books for the Hearthsides," "The Spinning Wheel," the "how-to-do" articles, pointed primarily at this group, and the party suggestions, which of course include all groups. Here too, the poetry page, "Worship in the Family With Young Children," can be used for their part in family devotions, either to read or memorize.

For the adolescent age the talk should center on the increasing independence and freedom of the child, on an awakened interest in personal appearance, on methods insuring good health, on dating and making new friends, and on the added responsibilities of their age. The longer stories carry an appeal here, as well as some of the articles which are

When Children Come Along

When Children Come With You plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories about the early leaders of our country, or those which show its ideals, will be particularly appropriate this month. Look in this magazine, in the Sunday church school story papers, or in books available in the church or public libraries.

Guide in Making Valentines. Children like to give gifts that express their love. Valentines will tell parents, teachers, the minister, the church janitor, children, or other friends of the love and appreciation of little children.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries.

intended for the adolescent to read. Party suggestions, book reviews, and "The Spinning Wheel" are particularly useful with this group.

III. General Discussion.

After the leader's brief talk, which may be supplemented by material from Section IV, there may be a discussion by the study group, preceded by several questions to reveal the purpose of this meeting.

A few typical questions:

1. What good use can be made of the poems in *Hearthstone*?—of the book reviews?—of the page called "The Spinning Wheel"?
2. Could a family, without any other aid, use *Hearthstone* to plan a worship period for home use?
3. What three sources of recreation are provided?

IV. Addenda

With every new invention adding distraction, one recent commentator wrote that this generation of parents does not seem to have advanced over the methods of their grandparents. But he forgot to mention that our grandfathers made more and better use of the Bible in rearing their families. Perhaps we need a

return to those days. If we do, then *Hearthstone* is pointing the way by planting the seed for more interesting devotional periods, and suggesting in its many helpful articles ways of dealing with our children in the words of Jesus, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One family I know put to use a suggestion in one of the *Hearthstone* articles; that is, to have frequent family council meetings over the many pressing problems. There are three girls in this family, and the second one is talented with an excellent voice. However, the family income did not cover music lessons for her. At the conference, after a word of prayer, it was decided that during the next few years there should be a bank set up and each one should drop in any pennies not immediately required. This way a fund could be started for lessons, and perhaps made to cover other needs also.

I had loaned one of my few copies of *Hearthstone* to a friend, not of our faith, and upon its return noticed that one page seemed more worn than the others. Curiosity made me inquire about it, and I learned that my friend had copied the poems for use with her children, who were learning to repeat them at bedtime, since they did not say prayers.

A conscientious study of one or two numbers of *Hearthstone* will furnish any parent with helpful material for use with a family of growing children.

Biblegram Solution

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, a stranger, and not thine own lips." (Proverbs 27, 1-2.)

The Words

A. Noah	N. Notion
B. Toot	Q. Worthy
C. Wanted	P. Bible
D. Pony	Q. Often
E. Waiter	R. Hangar
F. Aider	S. Stormy
G. Gallon	T. Town
H. Honk	U. Thrash
I. Tonto	V. Throne
J. Meant	W. Famous
K. Shrine	X. Front
L. Thump	Y. Wasted
M. Feast	

Prepared by LOIS S. SMITH

Marie Curie

(From page 14.)

walk. Rain fell, and the streets of Paris became hopelessly encumbered. Attempting to cross a street, Pierre was knocked down by a heavy wagon and dragged for some distance. His forehead was crushed, and he was picked up lifeless. On that spring day Madam Curie became, not only a widow, but at the same time a pitiful and incurably lonely woman. Although, from all over the world, there came messages of sympathy, she was heartbroken. But she decided to carry on. At thirty-eight, she was appointed to fill the professorial vacancy made by her husband's death. As her fame grew, diplomas came to her from many universities. She paid little attention to them, but kept on in her scientific tasks. Then, in 1911, she was awarded the Nobel Prize in chemistry. This was a great honor, for never before had any person been twice considered for this prize.

When the First World War began, Madam Curie offered her services to the medical organization known in France as the National Aid Society. This frail little woman gave all she had to alleviate suffering. Little cars known as "Curies" were equipped by the devoted scientist at the laboratories and sent out on their mission of service.

Madam Curie's life had been dogged by suffering, and there was still more for her, after these years of final triumph. For in 1920 she was threatened with blindness and was troubled by severe pains in her head. Her most frequent request to her friends was: "Please don't speak of my troubles to other people." She continued to work as she could under her serious handicaps. But an end had to come. The task of living and of working under great handicaps had taken their toll. She was literally worn out. Her radium researches had contributed to her weakened condition. One professor of science said that she was a victim of the radium which she and her husband had discovered. She died on July 4, 1934.

It is, of course, too early to com-

pletely appraise the work of Madam Curie. The possibilities inherent in radium cannot be measured. However that may be, her life devoted to science and to the welfare of humanity, her resplendent character, are a gift which the world can never forget.

Husband—or Man Around the House?

(From page 16.)

chance has a son of a broken home to become a husband with a high sense of marital felicity?

Faithfulness also means trustworthiness in other ways. A good husband is faithful in little things. If he promises to do something he does it; if he promises the children certain toys, they get them. He can be depended upon to be in his place in church on Sunday morning, and if he teaches a class in Sunday school only illness can keep him away. At home he teaches his children the truth as he sees it. A good husband cannot be always right, but he can and should be always honest.

Mother also has her part to play. It is her place to encourage the children to appreciate Dad. How often have you heard a mother criticize the father especially to the girls in the family, belittling him? How many families have you seen where Dad and the boys are lined up against Mom and the girls? That should not be. The finest husband in the world can't stand out against jealousy or contempt or constant nagging before the children. Living in the close intimacy of marriage highlights the faults of husband and wife, and sometimes it's a temptation to let the temporary irritation spill over in talk to one of the children, or in an outburst of anger in their presence. As children grow up to a more realistic view of life, they may outgrow their hero worship of Dad, and their sentimentalizing of Mother, but at the same time love and honor them both for the wonderful traits they have.

With a high example of home life before a growing boy, he is inclined to be more thoughtful in choosing his own life partner, and will be less likely to be attracted

by the wrong kind of girls. He will be critical of girls who are fickle, coarse, selfish, jealous, or cheap. He will think of his wife and himself doing the things his parents did together. He will think of her in church and in the home. A girl whose father has been a good husband is less likely to be attracted by a man who is careless in money matters, rude in his speech, and rough in his manners, fickle toward women, and a scoffer at things religious.

How you and countless other parents bring up your boys to the sense of marital responsibility may make a great difference in the future of the American people. It will counteract the influence of broken homes, indifference to religion, and be exceptions to the case histories of infidelity and juvenile delinquency which fill our magazines and newspapers today. It is a serious matter, and it lies in your hands—*your* hands, Christian parents!

How to Make the Bible Your Own

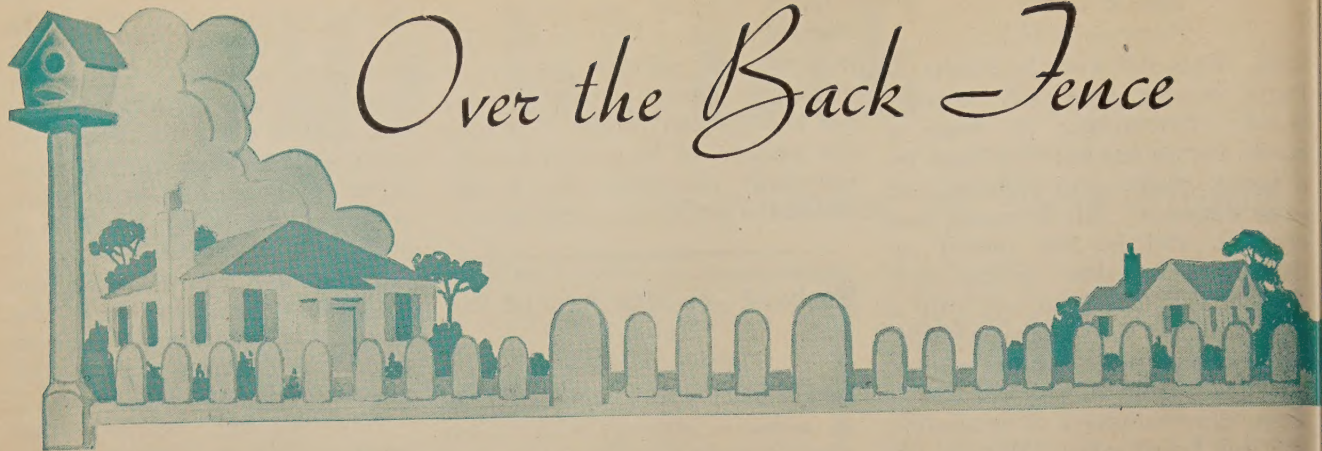
(From page 18.)

become really serious in his study of the Bible.

I think you will find that the new translations of the Bible are helpful tools. Sometimes we are a bit offended to find old and familiar passages phrased in new and startling ways. The beauty and perfection of language in the King James Version has never been exceeded, but those modern translations are very valuable in study for often the very familiarity of the old version obscures the fresh, pungent, powerful meaning behind the words.

Always in thinking of the Bible and the task of making it ours I think of the old saying which is familiar to some of us, "To know it you must love it, and to love it you must know it." Approaching the Bible in that spirit we can make real the words of the old hymn which the great and well-remembered Dr. George W. Truett used to quote so often,

"Holy Bible, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."



Over the Back Fence

Secret of Mass Circulation

George Blake, a British journalist, recently analyzed the contents of an issue of *News of the World*, a London weekly with the largest circulation of any weekly or daily paper in the world. His purpose was to discover the secret of the *News*' circulation success, assuming that this method gives at least a hint as to the secret. Here is the result:

Advertising took up one fourth of the space
Crimes and love affairs filled about one fifth
Sports occupied approximately one sixth
Politics and economics received only one twelfth
Fiction, theatre, movies, radio—one twelfth
Lost and found, medical and legal advice—one thirtieth
Popular songs and society gossip—one twenty-fifth
Miscellaneous—one eighth

We suppose that religion was lumped in with miscellaneous, probably too little space to be measured.

If that is the formula to reaching mass circulation *Hearthstone* will never reach that goal. We do not intend to adopt that formula.

But *Hearthstone* is not envious of the *News*. We think we have the best and most important job in the world. We covet only the opportunity of helping more and more families meet the problems of life with a larger measure of the spirit of Christ. You can help us do that.

How Do You Handle Television?

Much has been written on the effects of television upon people and families. Many problems are raised about what is at once called "invader of home privacy" and the most important medium of education today.

Hearthstone would like to print a symposium from its readers of the ways in which they are handling the television problem. So—send us your solutions!

Salute to an Honest Man

Would you turn down a job that carried with it a salary of \$100,000? Here is one who did because of honest convictions against compromising his reputation for scientific integrity.

Andrew C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois as well as head of its staff of thirty-five research scientists, was offered that amount to write a series of articles on beer and vitamins. He turned it down with this reason, "I regard it as sheer intellectual dishonesty to discuss the food qualities of beer, including its vitamin content."

He accepted, however, without pay probably, the chairmanship of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

Here is a *real* man of distinction.

Disturbing Signs of the Times

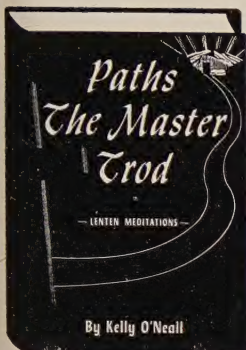
Such signs are everywhere but there are two that *Hearthstone* is very much disturbed about. A recent news release from Save the Children Federation indicates that this organization's services are still greatly needed in Greece, Austria, Italy, France and other places where it is feeding and clothing hungry and near-naked children. Reports of famine in China, India and other places are also coming in.

In the face of these reports Church World Service tells us that its work has been greatly curtailed because of lowered receipts of money and clothing.

February, Brotherhood Month, reminds us that this is no time to let down in this form of good works. The real test of brotherhood is still our active response to the One who said, "Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

Let's keep our gifts going to CARE, Church World Service, Save the Children Federation, and all our missionary fields which minister in the name of Christ to "the least of these."

For Pre-Easter Reading



Paths The Master Trod

By Kelly O'Neill. Eight penetrating new Lenten meditations which forcefully bring our Christian faith and experience into the scope of a vital, personal fellowship with Jesus. Beginning with some incident in the ministry of Christ, each chapter then presents a probing analysis of the ways in which modern man can apply, in his own daily living, a principle Jesus taught long ago. The sequence of material is like a mounting crescendo from the beginning of a dream to faith beyond death. "It is more than just 'beautiful reading'; each chapter has a message even a casual reader won't miss."—Raymond McCallister. \$1.75

A Man Can Know God

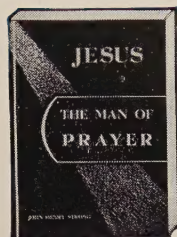
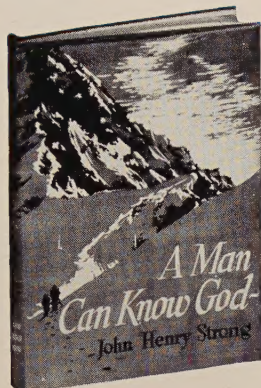
By John Henry Strong. No man can read this book of affirmations without experiencing a warming of his heart and a reassurance of his faith. Written from the author's own rich experience—this is a record of how God has guided the life of a man for nearly fifty years. This man came to know God and in that knowledge came to regard time as sacred and humanity as holy. \$2.00

Jesus, the Man of Prayer

By John Henry Strong. How God meets the issues of life with prayer as the sole resource! This book follows the prayer life of Jesus from childhood to Calvary with deep spiritual insight. Prayer is placed where it belongs—close to the needs of man—opening wide spiritual vistas which make the reader want to pray. \$1.50

Flagellant on Horseback

By Richard Ellsworth Day. The stirring story of one man's selfless devotion—David Brainerd, pioneer missionary of Colonial days. A captivating story of a man who conquered the wilderness and endured untold hardships in bringing his ministry to the American Indians. Marked with rare insight and profound sympathy . . . enlivened by interpolations of gentle wit and humor. \$3.00



The Future Is Now

By Homer W. Carpenter. Clear the decks for action! Ward off decay! A dynamic new appeal to return to the moral and spiritual principles upon which our country was founded . . . to balance the scales of social justice by meeting problems of race, color, and a divided church of God . . . to achieve a political renaissance based upon intelligence and moral decency rather than on greed . . . to educate people for peace by demonstrating honest democratic living. And, "the future is now." Ready, February 12! \$2.50

Living Potraits of Jesus

By Sandford Fleming. A series of studies of Jesus, written in a delightful style, true to the New Testament presentation of Christ. These graphic portraits are analyzed; the unique power of his appeal is experienced as the Christ of faith emerges in strength and radiance. The devotional element is dominant throughout, and it is sent forth to deepen and make sure of the reader's commitment to Christ. \$2.00

The Community and Christian Education

By Tilford T. Swearingen. An expanded report of an interdenominational nation-wide study conference which considered seven basic types of communities and their religious educational needs: rural agricultural, rural industrial, the county seat, a small city, large city, a suburban community, and the metropolitan city. Detailed suggestions for ministers and lay leaders to use in planning discussions or study groups to meet local needs. \$2.00

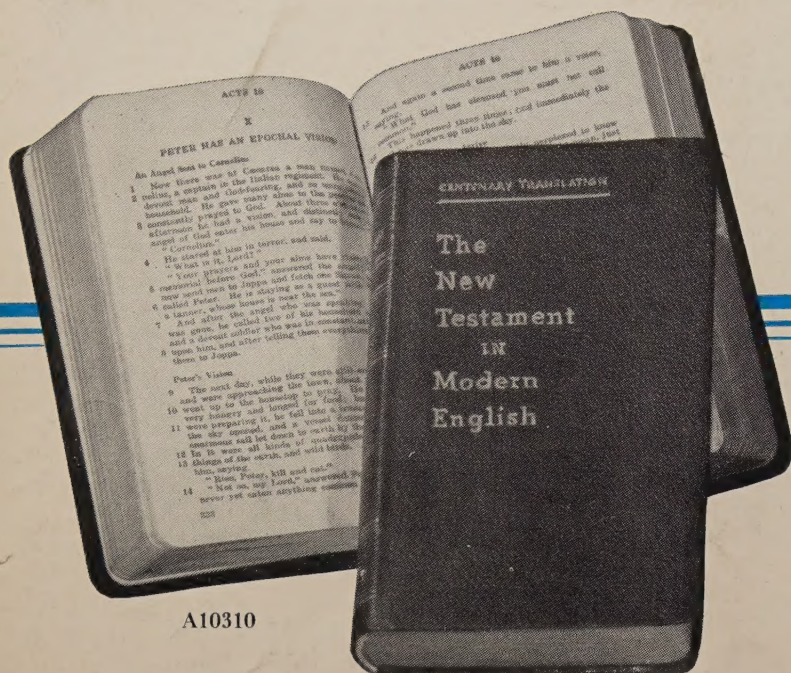
Man Has Forever

By B. H. Bruner. As you rethink life during the pre-Easter season, you will want to read this reassuring little book wherein the relationship of immortality to the reality of the unseen, to the human heart, to physical death and to the empty tomb is simply explained. Scripturally sound! Easy to understand! \$1.00

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